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The BYSTANDER

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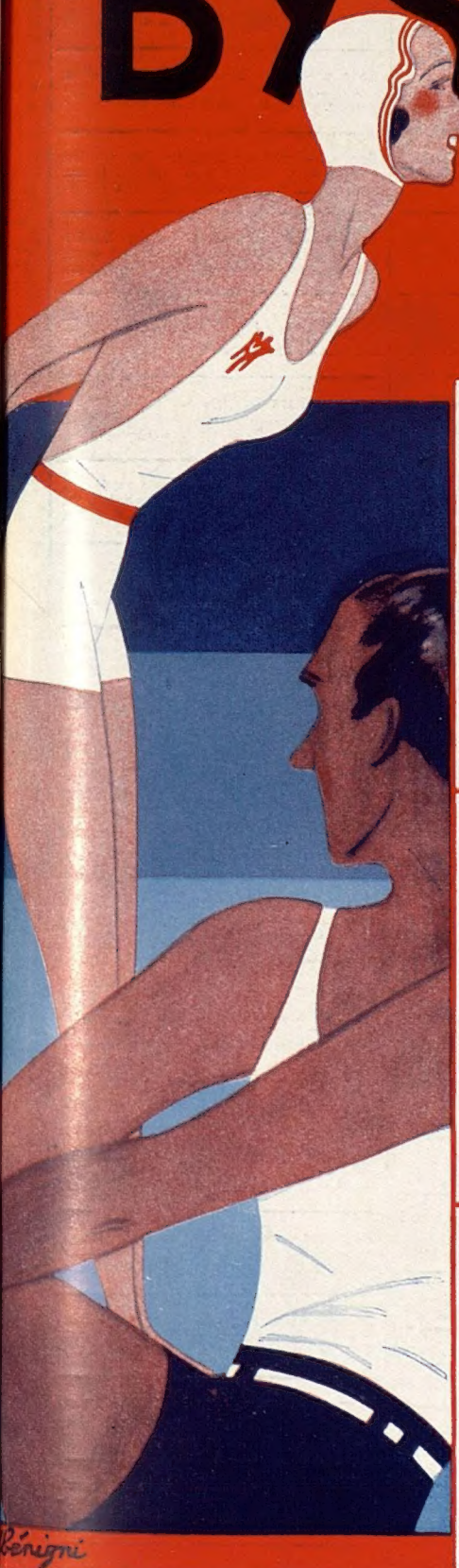

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GERMANY—*continued.*

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Rüdesheim a. Rhein.—**Hotel Darmstädter Hof.** — Leading House, 75 beds, famous cuisine and wines.

Schlangenbad.—**Kurhaus Hotel.**—Greatest and most fashionable hotel in Schlangenbad. Tea concert. Dancing. Lock-up Garages.

Wiesbaden — **Hotel Schwarzer Bock.** — 1st-cl. fam. hotel. 300 beds. Med. bath in Hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pens. from Mk. 8.

Wiesbaden—**Palast Hotel.**—First-class Hotel, opposite Kochbrunnen. Every possible comfort. Own bath-estab. Pension from RM. 10.

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Adelboden.—**Bernese Oberl'd.**—1,400m. **Hotel Adler & Kursaal**—well known for home-like comf. Ten., swim., excur. Tms. fr'm Frs. 11.50

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SWITZERLAND—*continued.*

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Geneva.—**Hotel de Russie.**—Best position on the lake. Facing Alps and Mt. Blanc. Latest comfort. Rooms from 6 Frs.

Geneva.—**Hotel Victoria.**—Facg. English garden & lake. Homelike, every mod. comf. Rooms from Fr. 4.50. Pension from Fr. 12.

Glion.—**Grand Hotel & Righi Vaudois.**—2,270 ft. Ideal pos. Overlooking Lake of Geneva. 1st cl. Cuisine. Incl. terms from Fr. 12.

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Lausanne—**Belvedere Hotel.**—Best position. First-class cuisine. Diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive from £5 . 0 . 0.

Lausanne.—**The Hotel Victoria.**—Homelike house; latest comfort. Rooms from 5 Frs. Inclusive from 13 Frs. Garden. Garage.

Les Avants S/Montreux. 3281 ft.—**Hotel de Jaman-Bellevue.**—Renovated, run. water, incl. terms from 12/-. Nic. Vital, Prop.

Lucerne.—**Carlton Hotel.**—1st-cl. Finest situation on lake. Reasonable terms. Private lake baths free for guests. Pk. Ten. Gar.

Lucerne.—**The National.**—Best location, direct on lake. All sports. Room fr. 8. Pens. fr. 18 Frs. Dir.: A. de Micheli.

Lucerne.—**Hotel Schweizerhof.**—A Home away from Home. Ever. com. Pers. attention. Golf, 18 holes. Ten., Beach. O. Hauser, Prop.

Montreux.—**Hotel Continental**—on the lake. 1st cl. Up-to-date. Ideal Home. Charm. pos. Gard. Gar. New Rates. (Res. Prop., W. Deig.)

Montreux.—**Montreux Palace Hotel.**—Ideal for holidays at all seasons. All rms. face lake. Mod. comf. Golf. Ten. L'ge P'k. Gar. Beach.

Mürren.—**Grand Hotel & Kurhaus.**—Take your "Holidays in the Alps." 3 Tennis Crts. In June Alpine Flora. Terms en pension 18/-

Thun.—**Hotels Bellevue & Park.**—Central position for excursions. Excellent cuisine. Pension from Frs. 10.

Vevey.—**Grand Hotel de Vevey.**—Large park with direct access to lake. Own beach. 2 tennis. Boating. Incl. rate (pen.) with bath £1.

Vevey.—**Park Hotel Mooser.**—Great comfort. Terrace overlooking lake. Pens. Frcs. 12.50 upwards. Ch. Hauser.

Wengen.—**Palace Hotel.**—"The best of the best." Ten., bath'g, mountaineering, danc'g. Incl. terms from Frs. 16. Fritz Borter, Prop.

Zurich.—**Dolder Grand Hotel.**—Golf in front of Hotel, 1,900 feet. Wonderful view. Swimming pool.

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The Bystander, June 19, 1934

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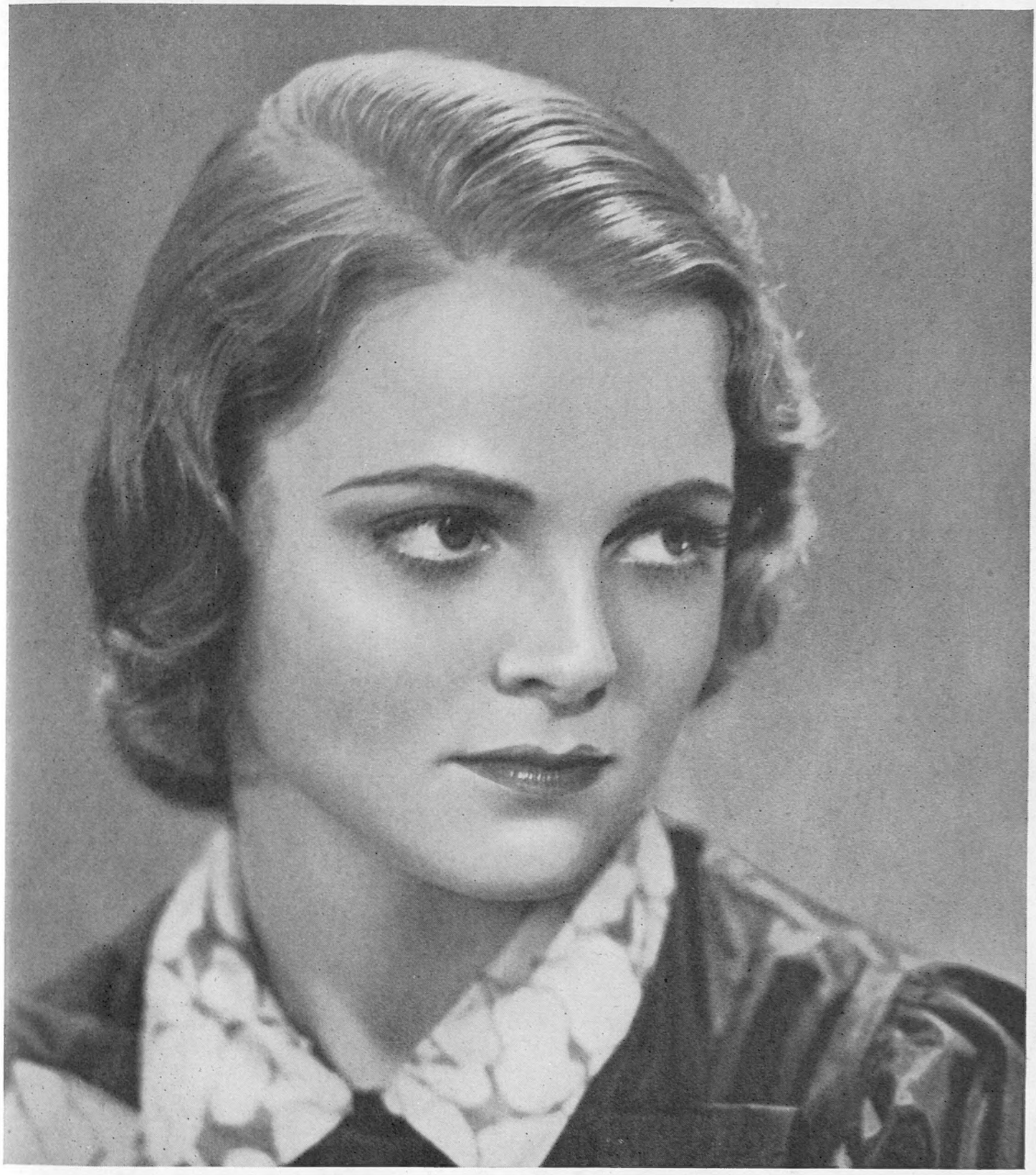


Cyril Leeston

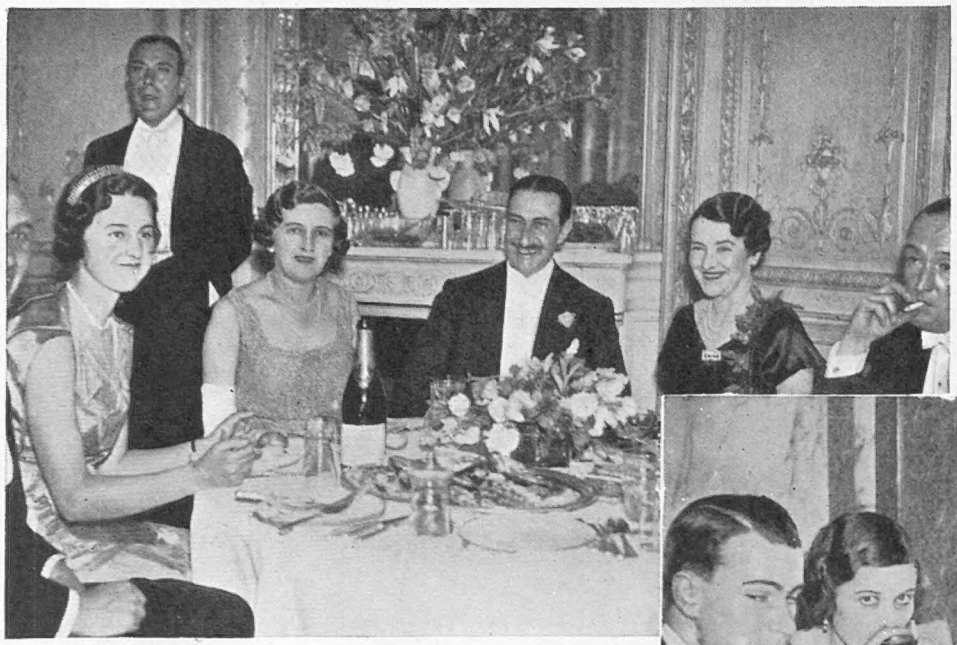
VICTORIA HOPPER

Victoria Hopper, the stage's newest young-married, has been chosen to play the title-rôle in the film version of "Lorna Doone," which is to be made by Associated Talking Pictures in their studios at Ealing and down in the Doone country, in Somerset. Her husband, Basil Dean, is the director of the film. Victoria Hopper was a sister in "Three Sisters," which ended its run at Drury Lane ten days ago

A Dance for Two Debs

Lady Lever and Mrs. Cruickshank Entertain for their Daughters

Photographs by Swaebe



Mr. E. J. Hope, Miss Vera Selby, Mrs. Finnis, and Captain and Mrs. Ronald Cruickshank at Sunderland House, where the dance was held for Miss Margot Cruickshank and Miss Vivianne Parker, Lady Lever's daughter. The Cruickshanks and Sir Tresham and Lady Lever gave big dinner-parties first

Above: Mr. Peter Williams, Miss Ann Borrer and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sweeny were four more guests

Left: Lady Gloria Vaughan, who dined in the Levers' party, sitting out with Mr. Paddy Campbell

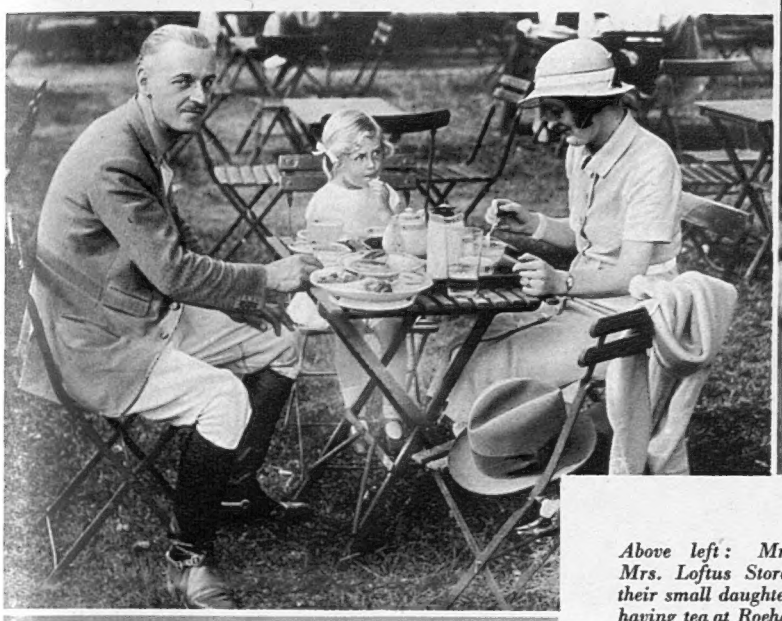
Lady Patricia Mackay, Mr. Nicholas Hanbury, and Miss Margot Cruickshank, Captain and Mrs. Cruickshank's débutante daughter

Below: Mr. Brian Gooch, Miss Joan Mortimer, Mrs. Richard Temple, Colonel Howes, the Hon. Elizabeth Brand, Mr. Anthony Gibbs, and Mrs. K. Darrell Roe

Mr. Purcell Blow and Lady Cecilia Wellesley having a supper-time conversation. Lady Cecilia Wellesley was another of the débutantes in Sir Tresham and Lady Lever's dinner-party

Looking at London...

From Two o'Clock to Midnight



Swaebe

Above left: Mr. and Mrs. Loftus Storey and their small daughter, Jill, having tea at Roehampton after the final match for the Sutton Smith Cup

Above right: Mr. and Mrs. John Hallett were at the Café de Paris for supper one night last week. Mrs. Hallett was Miss Averil Streatfeild

Right: Miss Clive and Mrs. George Nickerson playing bagatelle at the garden party in aid of the Princess Elizabeth Hospital for Children

Bagatelle for Babies

These Pageants..

Mr. Basil Kennedy and Miss Stella Buchanan as the Spanish Ambassador and his wife, dress-rehearsing for the Pageant of Parliament, which starts its "run" at the Albert Hall on June 29th

Right: Lady Anne Bridgeman, Mr. Terry Weldon, Mrs. Antony Acton, Miss Nancy Malcolmson and Mr. Ian Fleming waiting for their food and drink at Monseigneur

Midnight Reflections at Monseigneur

Swaebe

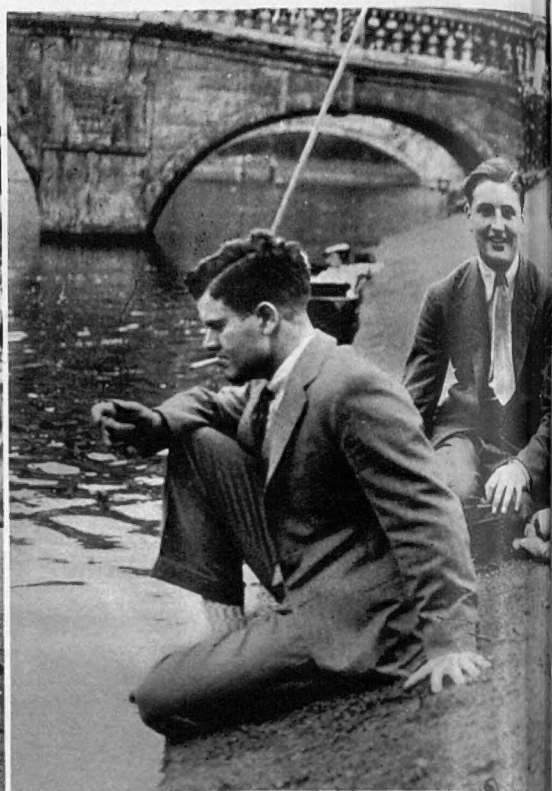
ROUNDABOUT

The "Bystander" Ladies' Scottish Foursomes

Mrs. Heilbron and Mrs. Willis Butters, both of Troon, Mrs. Murray Grierson (Douglas Park) and Mrs. W. J. Hill (Troon) waiting to start their first-round match in the Scottish Foursomes at North Berwick. More pictures of this event are on p. 556, and it will be fully reported next week by Miss Helme

Ladies' Golf for Charity

Lady Brecknock and Mrs. Charles Mills were playing at Wentworth in the Ladies' Joint Golf Associations' "field day" held in aid of the Royal Free Hospital. The Ladies' Parliamentary Golf Association won the Handicap Bowl



May Week by Daylight : On the

The Mdivanis at Roehampton

Prince and Princess Alexis Mdivani at Roehampton after the final of the Sutton Smith Cup, in which Les Diables, Prince Mdivani's side, were defeated by Major Jack Harrison's team, the Knaves, by 6 goals to 5½, having received 2½. Prince Mdivani was playing No. 1 for Les Diables

Backs at Cambridge

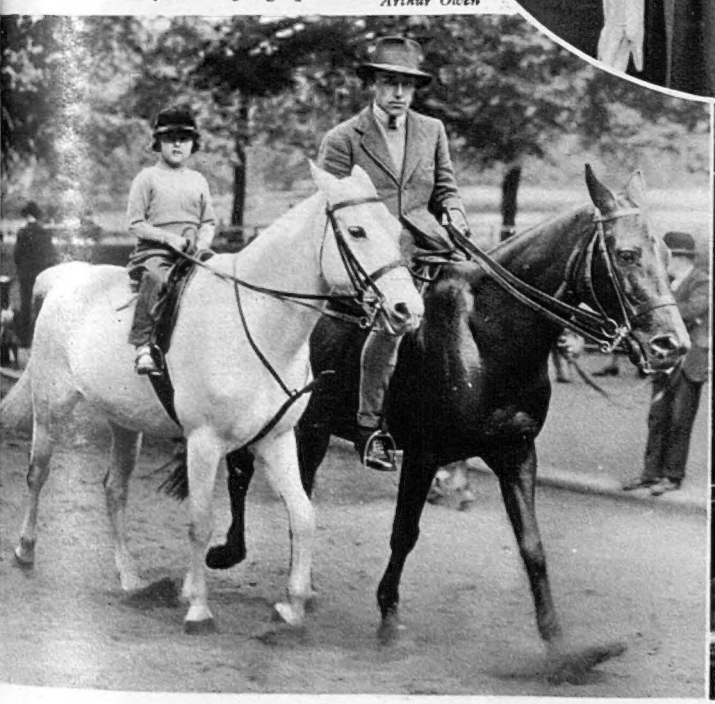
Above: Mr. W. W. Marvel, Mr. Martin Munro, Mr. J. T. Rankin, Mr. Roger Travener, Lady Joan Bridgeman, Miss Grizel Fyfe, and Miss Margaret Travener being pleasantly idle after one long night's dancing, and with several more to come

Right: Lady Anne Rhys and Mrs. Richards after the christening of Caroline, Lord and Lady Jersey's baby daughter, at St. George's Chapel, Windsor. Mrs. Richards is Lady Jersey's mother, and Mr. David Rhys, Lady Anne Rhys's husband, was one of the baby's godparents

Arthur Owen

An Emir and a "King"

Emir Abdullah of Transjordania saw the O.U.D.S. dress rehearsal of "Richard III.", when he paid his visit to Oxford, and was photographed after the performance with King Richard (Mr. Peter Glenville)



Riding in the Row

Lord Lisle, acting as riding instructor in the Row, took out little Bridget Adair on a very large pony. She is the six-year-old daughter of Major and Mrs. Allan Adair and granddaughter of Sir Robert Adair

May Week by Flashlight: On the Backs Again

Fairy lights on the banks and punts on the water making "sitting-out" at the Cambridge May Week balls more attractive than dancing in a hot and crowded room. Mr. Girton and Miss Howard were two of the wise ones who deserted rhythm for the river at the Queen's College dance

Wedding of the Week

Mr. Paul Willert and The Hon. Brenda Pearson

Above: Mrs. Walter Burrell, Viscount Maidstone, Captain Andrew Drummond-Moray and Mr. Walter Burrell at the reception which Lady Cowdray held at her Mount Street house after her daughter's wedding

Left: Lady Grenfell leaving the church with Miss Anne Loyd, a cousin of the bridegroom, who was one of the five bridesmaids

Below, left: Mr. Paul Willert, Sir Arthur and Lady Willert's son, and the Hon. Brenda Pearson, Viscount Cowdray's sister, leaving St. Mark's, North Audley Street, where they were married

Below, right: the Hon. Eileen Brougham, Lady Bearsted and Lady Elisabeth Hare, whose younger sister, Lady Patricia Hare, was a bridesmaid

Above: Lady Smiley

Top: the Countess of Jersey

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 55. Mr. Alfred Duff Cooper

Potted by Charles Gay Caricatured by Sirra

THE Financial Secretary to the War Office is a small man with a big forehead, tired, blue eyes, hooked nose, and brushed-back hair. At Eton and Oxford he was an inconspicuous athlete. To-day he is a bad 18. (But then, as Bernard Darwin said, there never was a good 18 at golf.) He entered the Foreign Office just before the war and was not allowed to join up until 1917, when he promptly got the D.S.O. as a platoon commander. Soldiers know this is just about as good as a V.C., particularly if you are in the Brigade of Guards. But it could never have occurred to him as a civilian subaltern, that, within ten years, he would be in charge of the Army Estimates, as he was in 1928 and has been, again, for the past three years. To-day he is M.P. for St. George's, Westminster—you may remember the how-d'you-do of his election in 1931—but is only able to make one speech a year in the House, and seldom has a chance of hearing his voice there, even at question-time. For there are not many Army subjects, despite all the war scares. His sole hobby is collecting historical details for possible biographies. It took him fourteen years to find time to do Talleyrand. It will have taken him four or five years to complete the life of Lord Haig, which we may expect in the autumn after next. At the moment, he has got his hero as far as Neuve Chapelle, and has still about thirty volumes of private war diaries to elucidate.

HE has a four-year-old son — John Julius—who is down with Lady Diana at Bognor; a sense of humour, a house in Gower Street, a dislike for cinemas, a good appetite, no great regard for the approval of his seniors, an attractive speaking voice, small, well-kept hands, a gift for repartee, and a most explosive temper. When he gets angry he goes bright red and swells visibly. You should have seen him exploding all over Ciro's after the first night of the film *Catharine the Great*, because of the historical inaccuracies. Sometimes, too, he flies off the political handle and makes speeches in the country rather anticipating the Government's plans. His wife, by the way, works like blazes in the constituency when there is work to be done. In conclusion, he is very well dressed, though he has a habit of standing with his entire hands in the armholes of his waistcoat; a very good speaker, though he seldom has a chance to prove it; and has not the slightest intention of leaving the Conservative Party, despite the many rumours to that effect.

C

Second Thoughts on First Nights

Holyrood and Harley Street

"Queen of Scots" (New)

HISTORICAL dramatists suffer from disadvantages which do not hamper the ordinary playwright, for when making use of a famous character of the past they stand to be shot at in more than one quarter. Among playgoers are earnest students of history, sticklers for accuracy; also those not so earnest, but who object to preconceived ideas being shattered; and, finally, in the great majority, those whose knowledge of history is nil, but who like to see in a costume play at least one rich, juicy murder.

"Gordon Daviot" has chosen Mary, Queen of Scots, as her principal character, and therefore had the chance of showing an audience a couple of murders—that of Rizzio, Mary's Italian steward, and Darnley, her second husband, but in each case she fights shy. I think that, so far as Darnley is concerned, she might have let us see him punctured before the curtain fell, for he was a very nasty piece of work.

We first see Mary landing in Scotland in August 1561, and the play concludes, in May 1568, with her leaving Scotland, a broken figure. But one of the faults of an interesting play is that during this time there are so many issues to be touched upon that the drama possesses no central, clear-cut theme, and attention cannot be riveted on any particular one, unless it is the Queen herself. Whether through the fault of the author or Gwen ffrangçon-Davies, who plays the part, I am not quite sure, but even here interest languishes, for the character does not develop. Mary in 1561 is the same Mary in 1568, which is somewhat surprising when one considers the trying times through which she passed. Glen Byam Shaw, as Darnley, rightly does nothing to excite our sympathies; Felix Aylmer, Frederick Lloyd, Norman MacOwan, and Campbell Gullan give variety to the parts of Scottish "statesmen," but the rough-spoken Bothwell, in the hands of Lawrence Olivier, seemed to have more of the Hollywood than the Holyrood touch.

Unlike historical plays of the old order, the dialogue is entirely free from Wardour Street words with which earlier dramatists besprinkled their speeches. Unlike many of the new order, no modern slang offends the ear, and though the general effect of this play may not be entirely satisfying, it contains individual scenes not only of merit, but of great interest.

Above, left: a weak Queen and her even weaker husband. Gwen ffrangçon-Davies as Mary, Queen of Scots, and Glen Byam Shaw as Darnley, her petulant spouse

Left: Bothwell (Lawrence Olivier), lover, seducer, Border-bandit and murderer. Right: My Lords Morton (Frederick Lloyd) and Ruthven (Norman MacOwan), who added murder to their statesmanlike activities

"Living Dangerously" (Strand)

DAVID NORTON (Godfrey Tearle) and Henry Pryor (Martin Walker) were partners in a Wimpole Street practice, and this partnership was not only unfortunate, but peculiar. Unfortunate for Norton because Pryor was a wrong 'un, and used his position to sell morphia to drug addicts, which brings Detective-Inspector Webster (Charles Mortimer) on his track. Peculiar because Norton appears to combine the rôle of consultant with surgeon so high up in his profession that he can command a two-hundred-guinea fee for opening up a patient! I may be mistaken, but I think it is unusual for a Wimpole Street partnership to mix up medicine with surgery.

What makes things more awkward for Norton is that he is in love with Pryor's wife, Helen (Carol Goodner), and she with him, and when Pryor learns that Norton is going to dissolve partnership because of the drug business, Pryor gets in the first blow by complaining to the Medical Council that Norton has committed adultery with Helen, a trumped-up charge supported by the partners' secretary, Vera Kennedy (Helen Goss), who is Pryor's mistress.

A trial scene is always "sure-fire theatre," but that which follows before the Medical Council is not so exciting as others which have been staged, for the reason that this is shown in a "flash-back," and the audience knows—if it possesses any reasoning sense at all—what the result will be. My own particular interest in this scene relaxed when the Chairman, Sir Barnarby Rutland (Allan Aynesworth), stopped a question being put by Norton's Counsel, Mr. Lloyd, K.C. (Hubert Harben), to Vera Kennedy which would have led to showing up the plot which had been hatched. The Medical Council has its critics, and if the authors of this play, Messrs. Reginald Simpson and Frank Gregory, have authority for letting the Chairman exclude vital evidence such as this was, the most virulent criticism would appear to be justified.

The sequel is shown at the beginning and end of the play. At the beginning Norton has made a reputation in New York as a consultant—not a surgeon—and is living with Pryor's wife, no divorce being obtainable. Norton, to avoid Pryor's blackmail, shoots him dead, for, luckily, his consulting-room appears to possess quite an armoury of weapons; but he makes a slip, which would have been fatal had not an attorney friend, having heard the story, determined to help him, and, with the best will in the world, shown how to circumvent the police when called in to investigate.

Living Dangerously is really good drawing-room melodrama. It is well written and the story goes with such a swing that I am sure this play will capture the public fancy for, in addition, it is well cast. Godfrey Tearle and Martin Walker are nicely contrasted as the two doctors; Helen Goss is the scheming secretary to the life. Hubert Harben and Eric Stanley make much of the counsel in the trial scene; and if you want to see how a really ineffective part can be made effective, watch Carol Goodner as the wife, not only when she is speaking, but when others are. This actress *is* an actress, for she isn't always Carol Goodner, but a different being in different plays.

VERNON WOODHOUSE.

Mrs. Pryor or Mrs. Norton? Carol Goodner as the wife who left her Doctor-husband and lived twelve years with his partner

Sketches by Rouson

Left: Dr. Norton (Godfrey Tearle) introduces a little gun-play, to the ultimate discomfort of the blackmailing, drug-selling Dr. Pryor (Martin Walker)

Bradman—Fun-Maker

By "Finger Spin"

Dr. Phillip Gosse and Sir John Squire tossing for choice of innings in a match played at Wiston, Sussex, between teams composed of Authors and Journalists, led by the former, and the latter's "Invalides" eleven

THE Test Match at Trent Bridge, which was described in detail in many newspapers by a multitude of cricketers of a distinguished past, can also be remembered as, surely, one of the few occasions on which a balloon—not a child's balloon, but a decent-sized one, even if it did not carry a passenger suspended underneath—was an outstanding feature of the entertainment. It has been said that one of England's greatest amateur batsmen had once to demand that a balloon which was taking some part in an agricultural display at Leicester, should either be lowered or heightened, as there was a bowler opposed to him of the exact stature to allow the ball, when it left his hand, to be lost in the dimness of the balloon. The story goes on that, in spite of the most pitiful protests, the balloon refused to go either up or down one single foot. It had its own piece of work to do, and cared little for cricketers. The duty of the balloon, which made some little piece of history at Trent Bridge, was to prevent one man, or one group of men, from taking photographs from outside the ground. As the temporary grandstand on which was the so-called "pirate" photographer grew higher and higher, first to overcome some netting, and, later, two flags and some rather silly little balloons, so the forces inside the ground replied with new ideas, culminating in the grand balloon. Eventually its ropes were cut, it flew away, goodness knows where to, and one could devote a little more attention to the cricket. But that balloon, in the meantime, had been given the best cheer of the whole match.

FOR, to tell the honest truth, until then, the cricket had looked singularly unlike what one expects to see in a Test Match. Later it regained some of the proper atmosphere, more especially when Grimmett was flinging himself at the English batsmen, with O'Reilly bowling all out from the other end. O'Reilly has frequently been criticised for the manner in which he flops when he delivers the ball, but before that he has worked up a beautifully rhythmic run, and when things are going well for Australia, as they were on that Saturday afternoon, he bowls with great spirit. Two preconceived ideas about this Test Match had been killed stone dead by Saturday evening. We had been told, and we had evidence to believe, that neither side's bowling was good enough to get the other out for anything under a really large score on so good a pitch as it was certain the groundsman would provide. Actually, five Australian wickets fell very cheaply to an English bowling side which was admittedly not very strong.

Verity

The Yorkshire county and England left-handed slow bowler, loosening his arm in action at the nets

THERE was only one fast bowler, and surely, in the conditions, it was imperative to have another bowler of pace to give the captain a chance of always having someone fairly fresh and furious to offer to a new batsman, more especially to those who are anxious when facing anything above medium pace. Geary is a splendid worker who has done great things in the past, and there was a time in Australia's first innings when he kept one end going excellently, but he simply is not an opening bowler. As for Mitchell, he was so uncertain of his length when he first went on that his captain afterwards seemed afraid to use him any more. Even Verity was unsteady, for him, with the result that, apart from Farnes, there was very little to prevent the Australians from making nearly as many runs as they wanted to.

BRADMAN'S innings had to be seen to be believed. If a boy had played like that at school he would have got himself into very hot water, but Bradman now is a law unto himself. Whereas in 1930 he was a run-maker, he is now a fun-maker. When he was here last, he cut his stroke-play down to the very limit of usefulness, refused to hit the ball in the air, and, in general, regarded the end of his innings, with three figures of varying combinations, as the justification of all that he had done while he was in. He now seems to think that every ball bowled to him should be scored off in as fantastic a manner as possible. Added to that, a little fun in attempting the shortest of runs, and you see the Bradman of 1934. Macartney, in all conscience, was an impudent striker of the ball, but he was a cautious miser compared to this young man. Whether he is going to be of quite the same value to his side if he continues in this comic strain it is not for me to say. I should think he will make Woodfull a trifle anxious before these Test Matches are finished, and as to what such masters of inactivity as Collins and Kellaway would have said, I shudder to think. In any case, neither England nor Australia seems yet prepared to take any risk (I write before the match is ended), preferring to see how the other side is to settle down for the match without a time limit, at the Oval. Probably, of all the preliminary skirmishes, that at Lord's, as in 1930, is the most likely to produce a result, for the bowler, if he knows his business, can do more there than at Old Trafford or Leeds in these days of efficient preparation of wickets. Let us hope that by then we shall have a bowling side which can take advantage of the run of the game when it is going in our favour. Oldfield and Grimmett are both gallant men; they have fought many a good battle in Test Matches of the past, but they simply should not have been allowed to behave as they did in Australia's first innings at Trent Bridge, after the wickets of their more illustrious colleagues had tumbled down reasonably cheaply. To say that is not to deny great credit to McCabe, for it was he who stopped the nonsense, and then started his team on a campaign of some aggression.

(1) H. J. Bull (Secretary) and C. B. Watson (Chairman of Committee) (2) G. A. Darby (Committeeman). (3) Mrs. Rupert Hicks, Mrs. Graham Williams and Mrs. Bernard Sumner. (4) Miss May Marsh, Mrs. Houlder, Miss Watanabe, and Miss Whiting

'Mid Surrey Pines

Tennis Personalities at St. George's Hill, Weybridge

(5) J. Graham Williams (ex-Captain) and C. H. Watson (holder of the Club's Open Singles). (6) Mrs. Price (Captain of the Ladies' team) and Ross Thomson (Captain of the Men's team). (7) Miss Jean Nicholson and Miss Jill Notley

LES GIRLS — Or,

Stella Bailey

Julia Mooney

Beverley Britton

Edith Roark

Lorna Rode

Below: Evelyn Crowell

Ann Howard

Below: Lois Eckhardt

THE latest and most orchidaceous consignment of "Les Girls" has passed into circulation more quickly than either of its predecessors. Within ten days of their arrival, four spent a week-end at Oxford, two in Paris, and three at Great Fosters. Quick work, one must admit. And yet, so far, they are not very fond of London. When "Granny" Granlund, their impresario, told them that Great Britain was smaller than Texas, Beverley Britton said immediately: "Well, why don't we go to Texas?" All of them are consumed, like the elephant child, with curiosity. They even eat hors d'œuvre at breakfast to see what they are like—which, on reflection, however, is not so remarkable, as breakfast is always some time after midday, except in the case of Earle Dawn.

But let me begin with Edith Roark. Edith is a simply grand girl. As long as she is different, she is happy. Just a pink bow, when the others are wearing blue ones, is all she wants. Lots of ambition. Wants to be another Texas Guinan, and intends to have her own night-club. Blonde—very. Extremely Mae West-ish. Unmarried, of course, though has been engaged to five of the richest young men in the United States. In the case of the last one, it was snowing on the wedding morn, so Edith decided it was too cold to get up. Is disappointed, so far, with London. The weather is all right, but hasn't yet found the right man.

Geraldine Dvorak doubled for Garbo in a film; thereupon became Garbo. Reads Chinese philosophy; pulls down curtains if anyone looks at her. Wants to be alone. Bohemian by nationality, but Swedish for choice. Oh, yes, very Garboesque. Affects false eyelashes, but isn't stopping here. Going on to China, instead. How? "Oh, anything is possible by thought." (But you surely aren't an oyster, are you, Geraldine?)

Julia Mooney has a husband and a baby, but not with her. Irish, of course. She's really very sweet. Looks like a basket of fruit in Italy, but her kid is with the old folks, in Connecticut.

Gay Orlova—yes, it *is* her name, but let's skip that—had a very interesting upbringing. Her father was killed in the Russian Revolution, but she escaped in a hay-wagon to Constantinople. Then, somehow, made it to New York. Blonde, and a bride of a few weeks' standing, having married an usher in the Earl Carrol Vanities. "Gay has married into the Upper Circle, then?" wisecracked "Granny" Granlund, on receipt of the wedding news. It was Gay, and no other, who said, on arrival at the Dorchester: "What kind of a neighbourhood is this?" When told that it was like Park Avenue, she asked pettishly, "Yeh; but where's Rubens?"

Ruth Brande

Left: Gay Orlova

Gentlemen Marry Brunettes

By Charles Graves

Evelyn Crowell, ace show-girl, is the lovely blonde young widow of every undergraduate's and rich man's dreams. Alone of the first consignment was picked for the third. Adores gambling, and likes violinists, cartoonists, and columnists. Is under the impression that she is allowing her hair to grow out into its natural colour. But it is really growing out more bleached blonde than ever. Born in Orange, New Jersey; care-free, good-natured, easy to look at, and going rapidly English.

Caja Eric is Danish, as you can guess. Was in the second consignment. Very, very tall and blonde. Spends most of her time in boats on the river. A kindly, unselfish girl; volunteered to tell the new consignment all about our money, night-clubs, and best people.

Those are the show-girls. Now for the dancing girls. Lois Eckhardt is German and very fond of George White, the famous New York producer. Has been in all his *Scandals* (capital "S," please, Mr. Printer). A very good dancer, a lovely girl, and awfully sweet. Most intelligent. Blue eyes.

Lorna Rode (short for Rodeonoff) is full of ideas. Went to Harry Preston's and decided that her brother was a better draughtsman than Phil May, Tom Webster, and other famous artists whose work adorns the walls of the Royal Albion. Has dramatic ambitions—I mean ambitions dramatically. Has lived a lot in Japan, but looks very Siberian with her very short hair, bobbed round the cranium in dizzy little curls. Had Camembert cheese for breakfast the other day to see what it was like. Inquisitive, you know.

Earle Dawn used to be Earle Gore. Looks like Helen Twelvetrees' younger sister; is very youthful but pensive-looking. Always in a sweet mood. Comes from New York. Known as Early, and deserves it. Rides in the Row at 6 a.m., even if she has left the Florida at 5.30 a.m.

Wanda Allen is a blonde and marvellous ballet dancer. Studying here under Mme. Espinosa. Swan-like neck and swan-like figure. Very quiet, but likes Earls. One of them went to see her for the first sixteen performances (and all the rehearsals).

Eunice Coleman looks like a natural blonde. Very demure. Admires constructional engineering, but races most of the time. Only girl whom George White took to the coast to make *Scandals* who had not worked for him before. Talks as though she came from the South.

Stella Bailey has dark-reddish hair and cat-like eyes. Evidently well acquainted with us. Practically a delegation met her at the boat. But her mother is with her.

Ann Howard is the most attractive brunette in the show. Sleek hair, lovely eyes. Most fascinating. Looks Italian. Was in the *Vanities*, and is a very good dancer.

Beverley Britton, when invited by the boy-friend if she would like some caviare, said, "No, thanks. I don't drink." Is featured in the show as America's Dumbest Blonde.

Fay Carroll, featured as the World's Worst Singer, has really quite a good voice. Pouts more often than she smiles. Blonde, of course. Irish, I should think, but no relation of Earl.

Ruth Brande looks Eastern Mediterranean and is very much in love with a famous cricketer—one of those steamer romances, you know. Is not fond of dancing and made the show, really, on her looks. Born in New York, was in *Murder at the Vanities*. Has a better figure than a sense of humour.

Patricia Whitney is no relation of Jock. Very Irish-looking, with twinkling eyes. Quiet and smart and a dashed good dancer.

Mary Cole walks with her shoulders swaying, but doesn't chew gum. Comes from St. Louis. When introduced, says "How d'you do, Sir?" or "Yes, Ma 'am." Very pretty indeed—certainly the prettiest of the dancing girls. Good on her toes. Has a husky voice and is a real, natural blonde.

Well, that 's the lot. Each is as pretty as a well-painted picture. The Florida is their spiritual home, for most of them are products of night-clubs and have not actually worked in shows before. Sooner or later, one may be certain, London will get under their skin. Six of the original consignment are back in London, and a similar number of the second—in fact, several have not gone home at all. Indeed, it looks as though there will soon be a permanent and considerable colony of Transatlantic platinum blondes in Mayfair.

But, so far, none has yet got to a London altar.

Which makes one think of Anita Loos's sequel to *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*.

Earle Dawn

Wanda Allen

Chelsea Artists

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Goossens at World's End Studio

MRS. LEON GOOSSENS before her marriage was Leslie Burrows, and is well-known by her maiden name as a creative dancer of the modern school. She arranges all her own dances, designs her own costumes and settings, and makes the masks which she sometimes uses. She has a small theatre fitted up at her Chelsea home, where she has been giving dance evenings. She and a group of her pupils are appearing at a London theatre later this month

The Goossens Among the Chelsea Chimneys

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Goossens have a most attractive home in Chelsea, called World's End Studio, where these photographs were taken. Leon Goossens is the famous oboe-player, a member of the London Philharmonic Orchestra. His brother is Eugene Goossens, the conductor and composer, and his sister, Leonie, is a brilliant harpist

In the Studio

Above is Leon Goossens trying through a new piece of music for a dance for his wife. On the left, they are both looking at one of Mrs. Goossens' musical instruments; she has collected them from all over the world, and uses some of them as a percussion orchestra which accompanies her dancing

Photographs by Sasha

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

This Week's Fairy Story

GATHER round, sweet ones, while we tell you a fairy story. That is right. Cluster round our knees. This is not a true story, we need not add. We seldom speak the truth. Are you ready? Right. Crank her up and we 're off. There was once a Socialist Mass Meeting at, let us say, in our gay, imaginative fashion, Olympia. The Hall was packed. There must have been 15,000 people there. During the chief speech of the evening a lady of the upper-middle classes interrupted mildly. She was at once attacked by thirty-eight strong young men in red shirts, who took her out of the Hall and kicked her smartly in the stomach. One thousand Metropolitan policemen, specially drafted into the area to preserve law and order, watched the operation with a languid interest, and at last, goaded into some sort of activity by the cries of the populace, arrested the now unconscious lady on the charge of obstructing the police. Next day the magistrate fined her two quid, and made some strong observations on her scandalous conduct in taking the law into her own hands. Isn't that a silly fairy story? You would never get anything like that in real life, would you?

We Get Socked in the Eye by a Deb

WE had a most lamentable experience yesterday, a soul-searing experience, a shattering experience. We were travelling in one of those delightful trains that the Southern Railway provide, and in the restaurant-car we sat opposite an enchantingly beautiful young lady. Chancing to fall into conversation with her, we chatted lightly of this and that. We compared our respective hang-overs (ours permitted us to toy with a spot of fish, hers was an aspirin-and-biscuits one), we touched upon the Drama, the Season, the Drought. Indeed, we were on the point of automatically saying something about the excellence of the floor and the rhythmic efficiency of the Band, when in an evil moment, a cursèd moment, we casually enquired the Divinity's name. Her first name was Pansy and her surname was a name much honoured in the ancient school at which we ourselves grappled with St. Paul's epistolary stuff and kicked numerous footballs. "Ha!" we said recklessly, "we know the name. For we were ornaments of that school, too." Then the lovely lady touched off the mine. She slipped a length of gas-piping out of her vanity-bag, hauled off, and landed us one on the base of the skull. "I wonder if you were at school with my father?" she said. The train stopped at Guildford. We crept out on to the platform and sent a porter for a bath-chair and a couple of men from the St. John's Ambulance. Since then we have been sitting over the fire, musing about Balaclava and what we said to the sergeant-major on the day before Inkerman. Ah! the old days. The great old days. As for Pansy, only our innate sense of chivalry prevents us from saying "Dash her!"

"Don't forget, Henry, not more than thirty till you've done it in"

A Grand Fellow

WE would like to meet that jolly chap who wrote to *The Times* last week and signed himself "One Up on the Eagle," because his letter was the sort of stuff that we love. Germany has instituted a silver badge consisting of an eagle and five eaglets, to be issued to families of five and over, and this capital gent. pointed out that the eagle never has more than two of a family. Why not have a "silver rabbit, with family as required," he suggests, or "perhaps an expanding dachshund, with detachable sections, each complete with puppy, which could be issued, like bars to a medal, as the occasion required." The man who wrote that would have been at home in the Mermaid Tavern.

Police Methods

WE have no authority whatsoever for saying that Lord Trenchard's new Cops' College is following with the closest attention a daring experiment of the Chinese anti-bandit squad. Its leader, Chang Hsueh-Liang, was much bothered by the fact that a prominent local bandit had the same name. It led to the most awkward confusion. The two fellows were perpetually getting each other's letters. Invitations to dances and theatres were always being muddled. One of them would often get two and the other none. And the police-leader was arrested by his own men so frequently that the thing became a perfect farce. Then he had a brain-wave. He formally announced that he had officially changed the bandit's name to Chang Hsueh-Lang, thus altering

"Gosh! I thought you'd never get here"

the meaning from "Chang learning to be excellent" into "Chang learning to be a worm." The move has been a terrific success. The bandit has already sprained an ankle in trying to find out exactly who he is. The telephone authorities refuse to make the necessary correction in the new directory, and so he never gets any calls at all. The Bank won't honour his signature and his cheques are all returned "R.D.," and it is freely rumoured that a writ has been issued against him, for plagiarism, by Mr. Humbert Wolfe. A tentative move in this same direction has been made at Hendon, we understand. An eminent cat-burglar, called Smith, has been officially re-named Honourable-Drain-Pipe-Climber-who-will-Soon-be-in-Chokey, and a bigamist, named Thompson, is to be known henceforward in the underworld, on official instructions, as Honourable-Failure-to-evade-Superintendent-Wensley. That is as far as the idea has gone, so far. Other drastic changes are being contemplated, we believe. (Since writing this paragraph we have received a telegram from the Yard which runs, "If you can believe that you can believe anything.")

Mr. A. P. Herbert

THE Parliament boys are getting a bit cross with Mr. A. P. Herbert. (Tut, tut! How the Old Wykhamists do keep on getting into the limelight. Surely it is entirely against their tradition. Mr. Herbert is one; Mr. Jardine is another. Sir Cripps and Sir Mosley are two more. The Eton children will be getting jealous if this sort of thing goes on.) Mr. Herbert, as you all ought to know if you keep, as you should, these lovely paragraphs pasted into albums, has been chivvying the lads at St. Stephen's on the subject of their drinking out of hours. Now they are staging a smartish come-back. They are trying to get Mr. A. P. H. flung into the dungeons on the charge of bringing his Majesty's Judges into ridicule and contempt by writing a book called *Holy Deadlock*. In this book we understand that Mr. Herbert plays Old Harry with the Divorce Laws. We are prepared to support the House of Commons through thick and, even, thin in their crusade to collar Mr. Herbert, if they will carry their attack to its logical conclusion and pass an Act suppressing *The Pickwick Papers*. Dickens ragged the sacred British Bench just as heartily as Mr. Herbert.

Note on Enchantment

A FORTNIGHT ago we had occasion (whatever, in the name of thunder, that means) to print a list of perfectly ghastly American place-names. We pick up our daily paper casually, and we find that the Ministry of Health has issued a list of English parishes which are going to get a water-grant. Listen to the lovely melody of the names: Fyfehead Neville, Hazelbury Bryan, Walpole St. Peter, Chewton Mendip, Sturminster Newton, Mappowden, Terrington St. Clement, Letterston and Littlenewcastle, and Cuthbert St. Out. We are definitely of opinion, and we say it without any hesitation, that Cuthbert St. Out is a more attractive name for a village than Smelly-Mule-Gulch.

Let Us Now Praise Famous Men

NOWADAYS first-class athletes have to work very hard for a few hours a week and are absurdly pampered and advertised all the rest of the time. Cup-tie finalists are photographed for weeks beforehand, playing golf at Brighton or diving rather comically into the brine-baths at Droitwich. Test Match players bruise a toe and the news flashes round the Empire. Lawn-tennis experts are in danger of losing a match and they fall about in dead faints all over the court, and the nation shivers at the prospect of another blow in the prestige. What a contrast to the old days! Let us give you an example of the contrast. The great R. H. Macaulay, terrific quarter-miler, and

"Don't believe all you hear, Doctor, I'm an awful liar"

record high-jumper, as an undergraduate, played centre-forward at the Oval in the Cup Final for the Old Etonians against Blackburn Olympic (now Blackburn Rovers), a long, long time ago. He scored the winning goal by dribbling the whole length of the field, went straight from the ground, without changing, to Liverpool Street, caught the train to Cambridge, and was dining in King's College Hall at seven o'clock that evening, and hardly anyone knew that he had made football history.

Grandmothers to the Fore

UPON our souls, we do not know what the world is coming to. In the days of Jane Austen, if a girl was not married at about twenty-two she was gently wrapped in lavender, tied up in pink ribbon and laid upon the shelf. Nowadays, no one is safe from grandmothers of sixty. We have just come across a remarkable example of this. Mr. Harrington Mann, the famous portrait-painter, has a sister who has suddenly taken to Art. Being careful not to challenge comparison with her famous brother, Mrs. Farquhar has invented an entirely new line of her own and is exhibiting it at the Graham Galleries, 72, New Bond Street. Her new line consists of making pictures by pasting small snippets of fabric — linen or cotton or what not — on to canvas. It sounds, as we describe it, rather queer. Actually, it is most beautifully done and the pictures are lovely.

"Listen, boys; doesn't this make you realise how we're missing the best in life?"

THE OLD SCHOOL TIE

No. 3.—Westminster

The tie which Old Westminsters wear
Is by no means a flash affair;
No simpler one exists, I think,
Than theirs—just black, with bands of pink.

CLOSE to the roar of the traffic,
Cloistered and calm and cool,
Unheeding the worldly clamour,
Stands the old Abbey school.
Here the Town Boys and King's Scholars
Move in a world apart,
That heeds naught of modern hustle
In street or shop or mart.

After the work has been finished,
Out in the London air,
Cricket or Soccer will call them
Up-Fields to Vincent Square;
There do the School teams do battle
Cheered by the shouts and cries
Uplifted in Cockney cadence
Both to and from the "skies."

Salute to the school of London!
Whether at work or play.
A toast to its well-tossed pancake,
Its famous Latin play.
Customs and manners may alter,
Leaders may rise and fall,
But the old, grey school by the river
Changeless remains through all.

B. W.

Now, Then, Mr. Shaw

A FILM about Judge Jeffreys has been banned because, so we are led to believe, it contains a number of references to the Bloody Assize. The Film Censors have not very much objection to the use of the word Assize. It is the other one which sticks in their throat. Well, well. It is a long time since Mr. Shaw and Mrs. Patrick Campbell combined to startle London. And we think that Mr. Shaw might well make another protest against official stupidity.

Sayings of the Week

FROM a letter published by a contemporary: "Every establishment in Jermyn Street is a model of propriety, from the Geological Museum to the offices which house the Inspector of Taxes for the Mayfair district." It is discouraging work for us professionals who work hours and hours a day trying to find something to amuse you with, and here is a dashed amateur coming out with this superb one in his spare time.

THE BYSTANDERS.

The Passing Picture Show : By Sydney Tremayne

Left : Alice Delysia and Evelyn Laye talking between shots at the Gaumont-British studios, where they are working on the film version of "Evensong," Beverley Nichols' story of a prima donna and the girl she takes up as her protégée-secretary

"Liebes Kommando"

Dolly Haas as the girl who masquerades for three years as a cadet at the Viennese Military Academy, in "Liebes Kommando," the gay Austrian film at the Academy

"Ever Green"

THIS is, I think, the first time that an English studio has seriously competed with Hollywood in the production of mammoth, super, or whatever it is called, musical production. All those girls, and all those legs, and all that scenery revolving . . . If, like measles or any other epidemic, it has to spread, it is, perhaps, well to get it over early. Nothing is ever done half-heartedly at the Gaumont-British studios, and if, in *Ever Green*, they have not achieved quite the speed of American productions of this kind, it is probably because they are not fully wound up yet. "Oh, dear, oh, dear!" as Mr. Oscar Asche says so frequently in *Two Hearts in Waltz Time*.

The most important thing about *Ever Green* is that Jessie Matthews is the star. The daily papers have told the world how this little Cockney girl walked round the corner, from Berwick Market into Piccadilly, bumped into Mr. Charlot, rebounded on to Mr. Cochran, and is now earning £20,000 a year. We should be less than human if we were indifferent to the romance implied, though it might be fairer to consider the hard work that has contributed to Jessie Matthews's success. But our real preoccupation is in the result. Knowing nothing of her antecedents or her salary, how should we judge of her performance in *Ever Green*? She has vivacity, is obviously a born soubrette, and carries all her comedy scenes, especially with music and dance, superbly. When called on to produce any more emotional appeal she is patently superficial. There is something unique in her free, youthful, cattish, almost instinctive, dancing, and she has learned to use her small voice to the best advantage. She is distinguished from other English screen actresses by her spontaneity and complete freedom from embarrassment: she dresses almost as well as a Frenchwoman and undresses as well as an American. And what, as they say in the next film on our list, does that "add up to"?

Ever Green, the story of a young actress who impersonates her famous mother, pretending to be old, in order to gain recognition, and, on the brink of exposure, confesses to her public, has lost something of its original spirit in transposition to the screen. The alterations in the story are not improvements. Sonnie Hale is wasted on the part he has as the producer. I feel that *Ever Green* is an effort worthy of respect which has not quite achieved all that was intended.

"Those Were the Days"

IN *Ever Green* we have glimpses of the "naughty 'Nineties." In *Those Were the Days* the Victorian scene is the basis of plot and picture. It is founded on Pinero's play *The Magistrate*. I imagine there was a plot, but it is practically lost in the tomfoolery of the film. Will Hay, adored by music-hall and radio "fans" for his schoolmaster act, is the magistrate, led astray by his young stepson. The straying takes the form of going to a music-hall. One can only say that Hay is perfectly efficient, but neither humorously nor histrionically distinguished. The magistrate seems, as he presents it, an unsubstantial part, and it is impossible to determine whether this is the fault of Mr. Hay, Mr. Bentley, the director, or poor Mr. Pinero. Iris Hoey plays Mrs. Posket, the wife of the magistrate, who is involved in compromising situations, and actually has to appear in court and be sentenced by her own husband because, when she married him, she lied about her age and the age of her son by a previous marriage. It is an amusing idea—or was, before the innovation of rejuvenation! Iris Hoey proves, once more, her gifts as a comédienne and a character-actress. She easily outclasses everyone else in the film. John Mills, as the precocious son, is good—he is an honest and energetic young actor who will always avail himself of the chances he is given. The costumes and the music-hall scenes are excellent and entertaining. It must be the falsity, to-day, of the basic idea which makes the film fall flat at times. Iris Hoey introduces an element of burlesque which saves the picture.

"Murder at the Vanities"

THIS week's films are all thrills and trills. This picture is an amazing, quick-moving combination of song-and-dance stuff, with melodrama, and in it Carl Brisson makes his American début. He succeeds. But I do not think that he is as well served with musical and acting material as he is in *Two Hearts in Waltz Time*.

The music of *Murder at the Vanities* takes a little time to get used to: the opening numbers are deliberately untuneful, and so is Miss Carlisle's voice, and yet the song, "Where Do They Come From, Where Do They Always Go?" showing a collection of almost nude "chorines" (am I learning the language?), is provocative.

Brisson is the tenor; his mother, a once-famous Viennese actress, who disappeared after killing a man, is the wardrobe woman, the two leading ladies are ex- and present lady-loves. Jealousy, fear, and love lead to the murder of a woman detective and of the wicked woman during the first-night performance, but still "the show goes on," with an amorous and dumb detective, in the person of Victor McLaglen, behind the scenes, and Jack Oakie, as the producer, supplying very, very welcome comic relief.

Earl Carroll turned the Paramount studios into a nudist colony with his girls, and Duke Ellington turns Liszt's Rhapsody into a "hotcha" number; with those peers of modern entertainment at work, *Murder at the Vanities* must surely be an elegant success!

Brisson's best and most characteristic number is "Cocktails For Two."

Tunbridge

THE MARCHIONESS OF CAMBRIDGE AND LADY MARY CAMBRIDGE

Lady Cambridge, the good-looking wife of the Marquess of Cambridge, was Miss Dorothy Hastings, daughter of the late Captain the Hon. Osmond Hastings, who died last year, and a niece of the Earl of Huntingdon. She married Lord Cambridge in 1923, and their only child, Lady Mary Cambridge, was born in 1924. Lord Cambridge's father, the first Marquess of Cambridge, who died in 1927, was a brother of the Queen

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GOING OUT to GOINGS-ON

"The Bystander" in Society

Mrs. Claude Leigh lunching with Mrs. Charles Cartwright in a black and green Vionnet dress, with one of the new veils hanging to a point in front from her plaited crinoline-straw hat

Swaebe

Mr. John Congreve, Miss Diana Eyres-Monsell, Viscount Garmoyle, Earl Cairns's elder son, Mrs. John Congreve (Rosemary Thurburn that was), Miss T. Llewellyn, and Captain Shepherd-Cross having extension-night supper at the Café de Paris

THE season has marked its peak, at least for those who can climb so far. The Royal Heath at Ascot will this week be trodden by the loveliest in the land, replete with lobster, chicken, strawberries, champagne, and losers. Not only does the Royal Purse, as well it deserves to, benefit by this meeting, but it is on these four days that the bookmakers accumulate enough to enable them to live all the year round on the aforesaid delicacies. Sir Gordon Carter has stated that the course will be in excellent condition, as it has been improved by being used as a fold for sheep during the winter. There will be many sheep visible this week, too, though they have been cleverly segregated from the goats by Lord Granard, the Master of the Horse. Until Ascot our débutantes, like M. Citroën's cars in their early days, can be termed *en rodage*. For some of them that phase is applicable in their "post-deb" days, though by then they are usually "running after" instead of "running in."

Young-Marrieds

A sketch of Lord and Lady Burgh made just before their wedding. They are now honeymooning at Glenkindie, Lord Burgh's brother's place in Aberdeenshire. Lady Burgh was Miss Rose Vincent

THE Duke of Connaught is having his customary Ascot party at Bagshot Park, Lord Downshire will be at his house at Easthampstead, and Lord and Lady Lonsdale will be at Kingswick, Lord Calthorpe's house. There are numerous other parties of great social interest, including the one given by Mrs. (Laura) Corrigan, at Holiday House, Sunningdale.

THERE was all the usual fun at Cambridge over May Week, of which the King's College Ball is a great feature. Nobody is allowed to go to bed before nine o'clock in the morning. The best sport is to be had on the Backs, which are a quiet backwater of the Cam, especially designed for parties when the early-rising, rosy-fingered dawn appears. Those seen enjoying themselves, not necessarily on the Backs, were the Vice-Provost of King's and Mrs. Clapham, Miss Hunter-Arundell, Mr. D. Hedley, and Miss Altham.

FLAG days are never very popular—but Queen Alexandra's Rose Day is an exception. We all bought our roses

on that day, and did not discriminate whether the vendors were pretty or not. Naturally, the prettiest have the best selling powers, though I am afraid they were not only asked to sell roses—the locality of their domicile was frequently questioned by the more impertinent Rosenkavaliers. I can vouch that Mrs. Leslie Gamage was a very decorative figure selling blooms in the Savoy. That same evening her husband attended the banquet there given by Mr. Claude M. Leigh, to celebrate "Twenty-five years in business"—and no monkey business, either. Captains of industry included Sir Robert Horne, Sir Harry MacGowan, Mr. Gordon Selfridge, and Mr. Alfred Bossom. There were some lieutenants present, too, but no rank and file at all for them to command. Sir Patrick Hastings maintained law and order, Lord Carisbrooke and Lord Winterton supported the host on each side.

MANY of the guests went on to Cleeve Lodge, Hyde Park Gate, where the Simon Marks gave a party, a subject upon which they have nothing to learn. The supper was excellently done by the Embassy Club, there was very little crowding, owing to the tent arrangements and the illuminated garden, and Lucienne Boyer sang songs. Another visitor from Paris was Mme. Letellier, and Charles B. Cochran showed up again after a month in the Dolomites and along the Dalmatian coast. Sir John and Lady Colefax, Lord Portarlington, Mrs. Scott Callingham, Mrs. Dennis Larking, Mrs. Mark Ostrer Brigitta, Elizabeth Jenns, Mr. Reginald Purbrick, Lord Donegall (the flying Marquess, just returned from a round-Europe trip), Mr. Henry Horne—all were there. The host sat cross-legged on the floor while Lucienne Boyer sang, a benign smile on his face—and naturally, for she kept throwing roses at him. Mrs. Ormond Lawson-Johnston had come on from Mrs. Charles Cartwright's musical party, as had Lord and Lady Selsdon; on the same evening there had been an hour of Celtic music (zithers and harps well to the fore) at Londonderry House, and Gigli sang at the Queen's Hall. He has the best tenor voice in the world, but he is an expensive luxury.

BY now it has been realised that we lost the first Test Match at Nottingham. Woodfull's fine captaincy had a certain amount to do with it, the crumbling wicket had most to do with it. For England, there was some excellent batting in the Pavilion bar, but even better batting, by Walters, Ames, and Leyland, for example, out at the wickets—for which not enough credit has been given to them.

I HAVE rarely seen such a disappointed figure as Conchita Supervia at Covent Garden the night that *La Cenerentola* was postponed. However, she had a great reception when it finally came on, so much so that Mr. Ben Rubenstein, her husband, almost had to ring down to their Sussex home to express a fresh delivery of orchids. Elizabeth Rethberg, who sang in the last-minute performance of *Bohème*, is probably one of the finest dramatic sopranos in the world, so the audience was lucky. Lord and Lady Brownlow were with Mr. Esmond Harmsworth in his box, as was an attractive

GOING OUT

Miss Peta Davis was drawn at her home in Cadogan Place, which she has not been seeing much of lately, what with the Pageant of Runnymede Ball, the ballet of the Pageant, and the Pageant of Parliament, for all of which she has worked hard

John Tilley drawing sweepstake tickets at the Derby Ball in a typically Tilleyean jockey's ensemble

Mrs. Frank Stanley-Clarke was one of the guests at Mrs. Cecil Madden's lunch-party at her Chelsea house. Mrs. Stanley-Clarke was Miss Vivian St. George

Mrs. Antony Acton (Joan Pearson that was) wore navy blue, with an organdie kilted collar, and two blue fox furs, at Mrs. Cecil Madden's recent lunch-party

American, Mrs. Sherlin Smith. Captain Victor Cazalet has been one of the very live wires in the Opera directorate this season: I hear that a most ambitious programme is being mapped out for next year. Meantime, the Ballet is in command at the Garden.

FOOD in country inns is not always of the best. But Barry Neame, at the Hind's Head at Bray, certainly understands the art of providing the best fare possible. He is a real artist in the production of good food. On Wednesday he gave a luncheon there, prior to the

TO GOINGS-ON (Continued)

Sketches by Molly Bishop

Above : Lord Bridport and his fiancée, Miss Pamela Baker were dancing together at the Derby Ball at Grosvenor House

Left : yet another of Mrs. Cecil Madden's guests was Gino Malo, who is at present in "Why Not To-night?" at the Palace

unveiling of a panel in the lounge by Lady Milford Haven, referring to the "Vicar of Bray." Captain and Mrs. Philip Astley, Priscilla Lady Annesley, and Mrs. Cecil Pim were among the guests. I rang up another one about six o'clock in the evening: he had not yet returned home, so "mine host" had obviously well provided.

MR. PEEPS

Woman to Woman

All London seems to go mad in Derby Week, and this year it seems to have gone madder and gayer than ever. Every restaurant has been packed to overflowing with enormous parties. Lady Nunburnholme was at the Monseigneur one night, in a three-some. In spite of the old saying: "Two 's company, etc," she didn't look as if she was out of it. The fact that regimental dinners have been in full swing has added to the gaiety of nations. Sir Peter Farquhar came on from his to the Florida, and was with Mrs. "Squeaker" Gosling. A pair of Garrard twins were also to be seen tripping gaily (as usual) around the already crowded floor. Much the same collection was about every night of the week, with various additions and subtractions. Lady Brecknock we saw with Mr. Peter Williams, and Mrs. Charles Mills and a boy-friend in one party, while in another sat Lord Brecknock. They had all come on from the Bobby Jenkinsons' pay party at the Savoy.

At the Berkeley, on the "Big Night," we noticed Lady Susan Askew in a party with her husband and the Nigel Stopford-Sackvilles and the John Cooksons. Lady Susan has acquired a new style of hairdressing, curls standing up in small circles all across the top of her head, like a halo. It means one of two things: either she has to go to the hairdresser every day, or else she has to lie flat on her face in bed, without even a pillow. It must be very difficult to cope with. Lord Mount Temple, complete with pink carnation, was having a tête-à-tête in the same building.

Lord Glenusk and Mrs. Evan-Thomas, in red, were together at the top of the steps at the Savoy one night. They probably got more air there than "below the salt," so to speak. Anyhow, they couldn't have got less. Lord and Lady Stavordale and the Weymouths were all in an enormous party, which included Mrs. Quintin Gilbey and the Maharanee of Cooch Behar, in an emerald-gréen sari. Sir Cuthbert and Lady Quilter we saw when they were about to leave and not before. Never has there been such a crowd. The Duchess of Westminster was in a large party, too. We hope that both she and Mrs. Duncan Mackinnon got a thrill out of the fact that they both had on the same identical dress, and very lovely it was, too, white with gold spots. It 's odd how the same model should suit two such opposite-looking people—one a beautiful blonde, and the other a "tall and dark and handsome" brunette: both magnetically attractive.

People seem to be doing a lot of things with flowers just lately, some very attractive. We liked the trail of orchids Lady Patricia Mackay wore at her dance, across the front of her bodice from shoulder to shoulder. At the same party, Mrs. Jack Coates had a spray of small red roses over her left ear.

It 's not often that the godfather holds the baby at christenings. However, Mr. David Rhys has shown us that he, at any rate, is capable of doing so by holding Lord and Lady Jersey's infant daughter, while the cameras clicked, after her christening the other day at St. George's Chapel, Windsor. She is called Caroline, which means that every other débutante between 1950 and 1952 will have the same name, which will make it a bit confusing. Lady Jersey looked charming in brown and white, and Lady Caroline Paget (a godmother) looked equally lovely in red and white. She gave the baby a gilt spoon and fork. Lady Warwick was another godparent, but was unable to be present. The baby wore the family christening-robe of taffetas and old lace, worn by its father, grandfather, and great-grandfather. Mr. Rhys has been most practical, and started a banking account for his god-daughter by way of a christening present.

MRS. PEEPS

An Apology

In these columns of our issue of April 17th, 1934, we referred to the race-meetings in Ireland at the Easter week-end and mentioned that there were present Mr. and Mrs. "Ginger" Wellesley, adding further words referring to Mr. Wellesley. We are sure that it must have been apparent to all our readers that those words were not used seriously; but, in order to avoid any misunderstanding, we desire to make it clear that we had no intention of casting the slightest reflection on Mr. Wellesley. We wish to express to him our great regret for any annoyance that he may have suffered, and tender our sincere apologies.

(1) Hoop-la for drinks was one of the side-shows at the garden party in aid of the Princess Elizabeth Hospital for Children, held at Lady Dance's Regent's Park house

(2) The lovely cloisters of Christ Church, Oxford, made a wonderful setting for "Richard III." when it was performed by the O. U. D. S. last week

(3) At Cambridge May Week is just over, and with it many an hour of heavenly idling on the Backs, where the willows hang low over the water

(4) Foston Hall and Embley were playing in the first round of the Lawson Cup at Roehampton last week. Foston, who received 4½, won by 7½ to 7 goals

(5) For balloon-chasing in the Ladies' Mounted Sports at Ranelagh, the chasers had crops with which to annihilate the "bait" dangled before them

(6) The Clifton v. Rugby match was played on the Clifton field, with the College buildings as an imposing background. The home XI won by 126 and 125 to 123 and 82

ıne Sets Her Open-Air Stage

or Parties, Sport
and Pageantry

Ascot is still Ascot

And the Best Racing of the Year

By Quintin Gilbey

ALTHOUGH a few blasé people feign boredom, I cannot believe that any normal person can help being thrilled by Ascot, because Ascot caters for all tastes.

FOR the keen racing man or woman, Ascot provides the best racing of the year; for the lover of beautiful scenery, Ascot must be a sheer joy, while, for those who are interested in women's clothes, Ascot provides four complete field days. For the lovers of good food and drink, we find lashings of lobster, strawberries and champagne in the Club tents; the lovers of pageantry can feast their eyes on the Royal Procession, and the social climbers find their Mecca in the Royal Enclosure.

Social climbers find their Mecca in the Royal Enclosure

THE nicest possible way to "do" Ascot is to stay in a house-party in the vicinity, but for those who have not received an invitation, and are doing the meeting from London, let me recommend the rail in preference to the road, and I suggest that you arrive in plenty of time to see the Royal Procession, which passes the stands about a quarter of an hour before the first race.

THE Royal Procession is easily the most impressive spectacle I know. The long row of scarlet postillions, as they mount the rising ground from the Golden Gate, would be a fine sight in any surroundings, but in the lovely setting of Ascot they are superb. All along the course the crowd cheers their Majesties, until they come opposite the Royal Enclosure, when the band strikes up "God Save the King." It is all tremendously impressive, and lunch, which plays such an important part in so many people's Ascots, must on no account be allowed to interfere with your witnessing it.

ALTHOUGH the first Ascot meeting took place under the patronage of good Queen Anne, at whose express command the course had been laid out, in 1711, it was not till as recently as 1820 that the first Royal Procession took place, the reigning monarch being George IV.

ALTHOUGH there was no procession, Queen Anne attended the meeting with a certain amount of pomp and ceremony, being drawn in a coach, and four horses, similar to that now used by the Lord Mayor.

THE races in those days were mostly of a vast length, and several races for hunters were included in the programme. Horses must have been hardy animals in those days, and we find frequent instances of horses running twice in the same day;

Brown Jack," Sir Harold Wernher's famous old horse, has five times been the winner of the Queen Alexandra Stakes

while, nowadays, if an owner runs his animal twice during the week, he is said to be asking for trouble.

ASCOT has altered practically not at all during the present century, but the public attitude towards the Friday has undergone a marked change. At one time it was not thought at all right for the best people to attend on the last day, and good Queen Victoria wrote a strongly-worded appeal to the late King, then Prince of Wales, entreating him (vainly, I may add) to refrain from attending on the Friday.

NOWADAYS, Friday, although some of us are looking hardly as fresh as when we started out on the Tuesday, is much the same as any other day, and, thanks to Brown Jack, the Queen Alexandra Stakes has assumed a popularity never dreamed of in the old days.

No article on Ascot would be complete without a mention of Sir Harold Wernher's wonderful old horse. Five years running Brown Jack and Steve Donoghue have

Lord Derby's Hyperion, last year's Derby and St. Leger winner, has a good chance for the Gold Cup at Ascot

won this, the longest race of the year, and the reception he received last year was of the kind which is normally reserved for a victory in the Royal colours. All lovers of a great and gallant horse will hope that he wins again this year, when we will give him a bigger reception than ever.

THE smartest day of the week is, of course, the Thursday, when the Gold Cup is run. Every day is a smart day at Ascot, but on the Thursday, our women folk parade in the dress they like best, and the one for which you and I have, presumably, paid most money.

THE winner of the Derby has not won the Gold Cup since the war; in fact, only one classic winner, Solario, the winner of the previous year's St. Leger, has won this much coveted event. This year, however, the wonderful little Hyperion, the winner of last year's Derby and St. Leger, has a great chance of capturing the race for Lord Derby. If he succeeds, Hyperion will have earned the right to rank with the greatest horses of all time.

THE Gold Cup was first run in 1807, and though it is the most coveted of all the races run at Ascot, it is not always the most valuable, although its worth is approximately £5000 to the winner. The two most valuable races usually are the Coronation Stakes and the St. James's Palace Stakes, but the amount of prize money varies considerably, according to the number of entrants and forfeits.

THE most popular event with the public is the Royal Hunt Cup, run on the Wednesday. This race is a handicap run over a straight course of 7 furlongs 155 yards, and is, to my mind, the most difficult race of which to back the winner in the whole year, hence its popularity with the British public.

THE great charm of these handicaps lies in the fact that the bookmakers realise that the chance of your backing the winner is extremely small, and offer tempting odds about almost everything. This enables you to back several horses in the race, and if you are lucky enough to back the winner amongst them, still show a profit.

WHILE on the subject of backing winners, the fact that so many foolish people have lost far more than they could afford at Ascot, is no proof that Ascot is a more difficult meeting at which to make money than any other.

THE trouble about Ascot is that it is surrounded with such an atmosphere of affluence that young men get carried away, and forget that there is such a day as settling day. Furthermore, a number of people go to Ascot who know nothing whatever about racing, so it is not surprising that, if they are intrepid enough to bet, they lose.

The first Ascot Meeting took place under the patronage of good Queen Anne

Many a romance has ripened from this simple request

I HAVE almost exhausted my space, and I have not talked about the Royal Enclosure. The Royal Enclosure was originally intended for the personal friends of the Royal Household, but in latter years it has been extended so as to house no fewer than five thousand, and the prefix Royal has had to be as elastic as the Enclosure itself.

FAR be it from me, however, to make jokes about the Royal Enclosure. Any institution which can induce many thousands of people to go racing, who, in the ordinary course of events, would not go racing if you paid them, is deserving of our most sincere homage.

LADIES are not allowed to make bets or to smoke in the Royal Enclosure, but, on the other hand, they may accost total strangers and request them to hand their betting cards to Mrs. Vernet, and I understand that many a romance has ripened from this simple request, facilitated as it is by the fact that they are wearing their names pinned on a piece of pasteboard.

ASCOT is not only the playground of the rich; it caters for all kinds and all classes, and the vast throng on the course and in the cheaper rings look forward to the meeting with just as much a thrill as the occupants of the boxes and the Royal Enclosure.

IN conclusion, there is one unwritten law about Ascot which is observed by one and all, no matter how rich or how humble you may be—you must go in your best clothes.

A Racing Reverie:

By "Regular"

Reproducing Scenes Portrayed in a Famous Series of Prints

One of the features of the International Horse Show is "The Moonlight Steeplechase," a reproduction of which famous old print is seen on the right. As closely as possible this is shown by modern riders at Olympia, and the photograph above is that of an out-door rehearsal which took place at Holyport, near Maidenhead

EPSOM finished up on a considerably brighter note than that on which it started, for which praise be to the powers that decide these things. Another couple of days like the Tuesday, and there would have been many gaps in the ranks at Ascot.

LAST week I heaped coals of fire on my head by saying that I had seldom seen the women look so plain, but perhaps my eye had become jaundiced through a sequence of seconds, and, in the event of my having betted each way, fourths. Even those nearest and dearest to us fail to appear to the best advantage when one's wondering how the devil one 's going to settle.

ON the Friday (Ladies' Day), I found the stalls fairly littered with lovelies. Light Brocade had just won, and I was beginning to see the sun shining through the dark clouds of despond, while the Mem, who had taken 7 to 2 a few days earlier, was bubbling over with glee.

WORM could do no wrong, and even when his lecherous eyes roamed o'er the closely-packed stalls, and made a favourable note of Mrs. Beatty, Mrs. "Boy" Wilson, Mrs. "Pat" Dennis, Mrs. Pilkington, Mrs. Kellett, Miss Sheriffe, Mrs. Ralph Raphael and Mrs. Murphy, he was not called to order.

LORD DURHAM fairly turned the tables on his father-in-law in the Oaks, and his filly, Light Brocade, is, to my mind, the best Oaks winner we have seen since the war. Even so, I would not back her to beat either Windsor Lad or Colombo at weight for sex.

LIGHT BROCADE won very convincingly, but I have Carslake's confirmation that she was a very tired filly as she passed the post, as well she might be, after beating such a high-class field.

NEEDLESS to say, a victory in these famous colours was tremendously popular, but there seemed very little excitement, and I fear that this historic race has lost much of its hold on the public. Once upon a time, the Oaks was surrounded with as much glamour as the Derby, but nowadays the majority of people treat it as a very ordinary affair, though seldom in its history can it have presented a more interesting race than this year.

THREE fillies well above the average, in Campanula, Light Brocade and Zelina, appeared to stand head and shoulders over their sisters, and the betting was very close. Campanula failed badly, and appeared to fail to stay, but the other two provided a fine race, while Instantaneous, happily rid of the boil which made her appear so unwilling at Newmarket, also put up a great show.

THE winner was beautifully ridden by that great artist, Carslake, who had previously won the Acorn Stakes for "Scatters" Wilson, on Spy Glass. This was one of the finest pieces of riding I have ever seen. How truly wonderful are our old men of the Turf. Joe Childs and Freddy Fox were not much in the limelight last week, but dear old Steve has never been seen to greater advantage.

IF I live to a vast old age—which I consider unlikely—one of my happiest memories of the Turf will be Steve going down to post. Such "hands" have never been endowed to any other mortal man. Steve holds the reins as if they were pieces of silken thread, and as if the slightest extra pressure would break them. He gives and takes with his mount, and not once in a hundred times do you see a horse pull with him.

IN a race, Steve stands alone at balancing an awkward horse on this course. Mr. Bonsor declared that the Jesuit knocked over his animal Quickly. With any other jockey up, he would have knocked over the lot.

I AM delighted to see Mrs. FitzGerald the owner of such a promising two-year-old, but the Jesuit was not suited by the Epsom gradients, and it was only the supreme artistry of Steve that kept him sufficiently balanced to win.

The First Steeplechase on Record

THIS week we see the annual miracle take place—five thousand people who don't know which end a horse kicks with being inveigled on to a racecourse by the magical words "Royal Enclosure."

PROUDLY pinning their little pieces of pasteboard on their ample bosoms, elderly ladies, to whom the idea of any other race-meeting would be a complete anathema, will spend four consecutive days on a race-course. Husbands and wives who have not exchanged half-a-dozen words since the preceding June, temporarily bury the hatchet, for, although the world may take somebody else's wife to Epsom, he must definitely take his own wife to Ascot.

BY commercialising the snobbery of the upper middle-classes, the authorities at Ascot put over one of the cleverest strokes of business in the history of the Turf. Few things annoy me more than when I hear racing people run down the Royal Enclosure, as we racing men should be only too grateful to an institution which causes the non-racing man and woman to contribute something to our favourite sport.

WE have a wonderful week's racing before us—the best horses in the world running for magnificent stakes under the pleasantest conditions imaginable. Ascot never fails to thrill one, and certainly familiarity with it does not breed contempt. I have not missed a single day's racing there since 1919, but I look forward to this week with a greater thrill than ever.

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Ladies Play

Golf in Ireland And at Wentworth

Extreme left: the Comtesse de Clermont-Tonnerre (Hon. Sec.) and Lady Thompson (Captain) going to the first tee at Wentworth. Left: the Hon. Mrs. Anson (Captain), and her opponent, Miss M. J. Walters (Hon. Sec.)

Below: Miss Pat Sherlock (Hermitage) won the Irish Women's Championship by beating Mrs. J. B. Walker, who is a previous holder, in the final, by 4 and 2

The Captains v. the Hon. Secretaries

The Irish Champion and the Runner-Up

A Mother-and-Daughter Match

Miss Dorothy Pim (Royal Portrush) met and defeated her mother, Mrs. Keith (Addington) in the Irish Women's Championship, at Portmarnock, but was herself knocked out in the third round. Miss Pim is an Irish International player

Championship Smiles at Portmarnock

Five more competitors in the Irish Women's Championship were Mrs. T. J. Clarke (Dundalk), Miss Norah Young (Royal Portrush), Mrs. McCabe (Royal Co. Down), Miss Hilda Wallis (Foxrock), who is one of the leading Irish tennis players, and Mrs. Todd (Kilkenny)

Familiar Faces at Covent Garden: Nine Opera Enthusiasts Who Listen

Down the Covent Garden Path

The Germans, the Italians, and Now the Russians

By "Melos"

A Success of the Opera Season

Mlle. Margit Bokor's singing and acting and personal charm made her one of the most brilliant stars of both the German and Italian seasons. She appeared as Zdenka in "Arabella," and Musetta in "La Bohème"

COVENT GARDEN is enjoying a summer of great content, whatever the verdict of the balance sheet, which may even be a favourable one. For at last the odour of mortality is confined to the discarded fruit and vegetables among which British patrons seek the joys of foreign opera and ballet, and does not concern the theatre which houses those exotic attractions.

Season after season, since the war, has had a gloomy background from the thought that it would almost certainly be the last in that historic building; ghosts of house-breakers lurked, and the conductors seemed almost to be directing their hammers and pick-axes in the tragic rhythm of approaching dissolution. The remark during the intervals (and often during the performance), "Well, I suppose this will be the last summer in the old place," became a seasonable platitude.

NOW Covent Garden has been reprieved, for one does not spend a six-figure sum on an edifice shortly to be demolished. The public can see little return for that expenditure, which mainly concerns the region behind the scenes. But it feels that the old theatre, scrubbed clean outside and, as always, glorious within, is on the map again, musically and socially, and not likely to slip off it. That, in itself, makes for cheeriness and even for a suggestion of the Embassy bar, in Bow Street. You could get a cocktail with a dash of Wagner, and plover's (gull's) eggs are on sale in that quaint conservatory overlooking the police station. Strauss and strawberries-and-cream were the vogue a fortnight ago; the strawberries remain, but *Arabella* has gone, probably for good—a pity, for it contains much fine music, not too well sung, however, and but indifferently conducted.

Gone for good, too, is the notion that about the audiences for grand opera there is something indubitably grand but slightly mouldy, like a ducal mansion in need of repair. One did not call them mouldy, but Edwardian or Victorian survivals. Intolerant youth rushed to that verdict on precious little evidence; now youth, tolerant or intolerant, goes to see, and hear, for itself. The number of young people in stalls and boxes this season has been remarkable, and during the coming weeks of ballet is likely to be more remarkable still.

THE Opera Club, with Lord Moore and Lord Hinchingbrooke as prominent supporters, has been a success. Lady Patricia Latham is among the many "young-marrieds" who are music-lovers. "Debs," "sub-debs," "ex-debs," and even "super-debs," abound. Cecil Beaton, lounging picturesquely in the corridor behind the boxes, must have eyed with approval many potential photographic subjects. The Carisbrookes have shown how much they adore music. Miss Tallulah Bankhead, ravishing and exotic and sincere in her passion for Puccini, has paid many visits and has "darlinged" her way through the intervals. Other stage or screen favourites have been Miss Ursula Jeans and Miss Benita Hume.

THE "regulars" have included the Duchess of Westminster, who has a box, Princess Hohenlohe, entertaining on Wednesdays and Fridays and wearing pearls and emeralds of appropriate lavishness; Violet, Duchess of Rutland, Lady Anglesey and her sister, Lady Violet Benson, Lady Oxford and Asquith, Lady Winchilsea and her pretty daughters (Lord Winchilsea is also an enthusiast and used to play the violin at Oxford), Victor Cazalet, Walter Runciman (almost nightly), Lord Camrose, Esmond Harmsworth, and Lord Justice Scrutton, who, solemn and whiteheaded, takes the air in Floral Street when the curtain is down. Lady Cunard, of course. The Aga Khan looked in at *Otello* on the eve of the Derby.

And the "climbers"? They are climbing more vigorously than ever. But they pay their money in a good cause and if one can hear those female feet going pitter-patter up the ladder, some of the feet are quite attractive and all are most expensively shod.

ONE cannot blink the fact that opera de luxe at Covent Garden is a social function, now more social than it has been for many years. But it is not necessarily the worse, artistically, on that account, nor have I ever been able to understand why it should be considered by some that the ability to pay a high price for a stall rules out any possibility of its occupant being fond of music. I am convinced that, at most, ten per cent. of this year's audiences have attended, thoroughly bored, because it is the thing to do. The remainder are as musical as anyone in the gallery (it is the immaculate gallery, by the way, which always starts applause in the wrong places); for one does not endure *Meistersinger*, which drew the biggest houses of all, from 6.30 to close on midnight if one loathes it.

Indeed, no set, except for a negligible quantity of pin-headed snobs, does what it does not want to do. If the racing set did not like racing, they would not race, and if the hunting set did not like hunting, they would not hunt. It 's so simple.

THERE have been chatterers. There always will be. Sir Thomas Beecham railed at them on the first night (I have a sneaking sympathy for anyone who chatters through *Fidelio*) and obtained, though that was not his intention, much publicity, which launched the season most effectively. But they, again, are the tiny minority—a minority, unfortunately, which can make itself heard.

THE operas are now nearly at an end. The individual successes of the season have been Sir Thomas Beecham, whose conducting has been miraculously fine, and Mlle. Margit Bokor, a charming singer and the

Efrem Kurtz

Efrem Kurtz and Anton Dorati will be the regular conductors at Covent Garden during the Ballets Russes de Monte Carlo season. To-night, the opening night, Sir Thomas Beecham will be the conductor. The orchestra is the L.P.O.

(1) The Duchess of Rutland. (2) Lord Moore, a member of the Opera Club. (3) Mrs. Claude Leigh. (4) Baron Franckenstein, the music-loving Austrian Minister. (5) Tallulah Bankhead, who likes Italian opera. (6) Princess Hohenlohe, a box-holder. (7) Lady Patricia Latham. (8) Countess Howe. (9) The Duchess of Westminster

Because They Like It

best actress Covent Garden has known for many years. Mlle. Bokor, having sung in German and an Eton suit in the new Strauss opera, sang in Italian in *La Bohème* as the most entrancing of all Musettas.

The Wagner operas were on a high level, with Herr Boecklemann splendid as Wotan and Hans Sachs, and Herr Lauritz Melchior good as Siegfried. Herr Melchior should not have sung Otello in the Italian portion of the season—an experience I found, frankly, unpleasant. But there has been no outstanding tenor for the Italian operas, though Signor Borgioli has sung well and M. Tokatyan proved a far from terrible Turk. The orchestra has played superbly and the new lighting and the new producer have both come up to expectations. So Mr. Geoffrey Toye, the new managing director, can lean back in his new office with a sigh of relief which, with due recognition of sundry shortcomings, can also be a sigh of content.

THE Ballet season follows with the break of only a week-end. It was at Covent Garden that the Diaghileff company made its first appearance in England, back in 1911, and this company is not only carrying on the Diaghileff traditions but has just been made a present of that great impresario's scenery and costumes. The principal dancers will be approximately the same as those which packed the Alhambra week after week during last summer's heat-wave. It will be good to see Riabouchinska, the most alluring of them all, on the vast stage of Covent Garden. Danilova, Baronova, Woizikovsky, and Massine will also appear; Sir Thomas will conduct on the opening night; many-familiar and favourite ballets will be performed; there will be four new ballets; prices will be cheaper than for opera; and everything in the Garden will, I hope, be lovely. But—I am wondering how the cars and the taxis of visitors will get on with the market vans on matinée days.

Riabouchinska

Tatiana Riabouchinska dancing in "Les Sylphides," a favourite ballet, which is being given three times during the season, the first time at to-morrow's matinée

Danilova

Alexandra Danilova in her "Petrouska" costume. Stravinsky's ballet is being performed twice next week. The season's programme includes four completely new works

Toumanova and Massine

Leonide Massine is responsible for the choreography of "Union Pacific" and "Rebus," and, with David Lichine, of "Jardin Public," three of the new ballets

These Charming Young People

The Hon. Mrs. Drogo Montagu and John Dru Montagu

Left: the Hon. Mrs. Drogo Montagu is the wife of the Earl of Sandwich's younger son, and, before her marriage in 1931, was Miss Tanis Guinness; she is the younger daughter of Mr. Benjamin Guinness. Her son, John Dru, was born in 1932. The Drogo Montagus have a house in Carlton House Terrace

The Hon. Mrs. Charles Winn and Michael Winn

The Hon. Mrs. Charles Winn is the second wife of Lord St. Oswald's younger brother, and married him in 1929. She was Miss Katherine Van Heukelom. Their son, Michael, was born last year. Mr. Winn owns Nostell Priory, near Wakefield, and also has a London house in Hertford Street

Mrs. Eion Merry and Davina

Left: Mrs. Eion Merry was married last year; she was photographed with her small daughter, Davina, at her house in Montagu Square. She was Miss Jean Crichton, and is the daughter of the Hon. Arthur Crichton, and a cousin of the Earl of Erne. Mr. Eion Merry is in the Blues, and owns Lucknam Park, in Wiltshire

Photographs by Lenare

A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

assembled by

JEAN BURNUP

Janet Jevons

Dorsyne

DINNER gown of fine black woollen crêpe and black lace. Mainbocher.

THIS is Dorothy Dickson dressed for bed in "The Private Road," the new play at the Comedy Theatre.

Yes, it is a nightdress. Vionnet made it in pale turquoise heavy crêpe, looking back to Greece for line.

JUNE WEDDING DAY

A DRESS to praise any bride. Pearl-coloured satin with a simple flowing line. The pearl-studded girdle is pale gold. So is the draped neck, the turn-back of the sleeves and the edge of the unusual, double-pointed short train. (*Harvey Nichols*)

BOND STREET AND ROUNDABOUT

By Jean Burnup

THE first bridesmaid wears a picture dress in black and white checked taffeta with a small clover-leaf design. It is tight-fitting to the knees, then swirls into gentle fullness. (*Liberty's, Model Gowns*)

The second dress is silk chiffon, carnation patterned. The sleeves, attached to the top of the shoulder, fly backward in a breeze. Or they can wrap round the neck as a scarf. (*Harvey Nichols*)

I WAS feeling creased around the eyes and looking it. So I went to see a beauty specialist, newly-arrived in London. I was given a swift eye treatment, good while it lasted, and lasting good.

I took home some of their special eye cream, and though it was hard to remember to do so, I patted it around my eyes each night for a week.

I am feeling a little above myself with the results.

This is a Viennese firm, long established in all the big foreign capitals, with forty years' record of beauty specialising behind them, and plenty of valuable formulas tucked away safely in their archives.

* * *

PERHAPS it was the eye cream ; perhaps it was the buyer's discrimination, but every hat I tried on in Debenham's model hats department seemed to be just the hat for me.

If you are tired of your large, flat-brimmed straws, there are some delicate little charmers here, one especially intriguing, an advance autumn model (if it is not too soon to mention it) in light-as-air black panne.

The becoming brim shades one eye, and the whole rises gently up the head to a tricky back view. It fits comfortably without a back elastic.

The summer party dresses in the young girls' department at this store are seductive enough to turn any ugly duckling of a daughter into a swan.

They are Kate Greenaway-ish, picture-book dresses, spotted muslins, organdies, and chiffons, in delicate pastel shades, high-waisted, with puffed sleeves, frilly, of course, and flower-trimmed, of course, like Mother's was for Ascot.

The clear green organdie, trimmed carelessly with trailing water-lilies, demands a daughter who is a swan to start with.

* * *

IT is no use walking quickly through Debenham's blouse department because it is on your way to some other part of the place. You have to stop and look at something.

This time it was a heap of lacy lisle jumpers that halted me.

They are extremely well-fitting jumpers, with high necks which turn over into slight, flattering frills. You can buy them in most colours for twenty-nine and six.

The reason for continuing to talk about jumpers and blouses is that round about now those new ones we had in the spring are beginning to look a little elderly, while our suits are still ready for anything.

Marshall's blouse department will give you plenty of ideas if you need them.

They have large assortments of attractive blouses and jumpers in organdie, taffeta, and washing silk.

There is a particularly good checked washing silk, with a round neck and a new clip fastening, for twenty-nine and six, and some crisp organdies, with the bows or jabots or frills which this material calls for, at twenty-one and nine.

Taffetas is the season's best-seller. Marshall's can hardly make enough little coats, three-quarter coats, flounced capes and capelets in this old-new material to go round the shoulders of every woman who wants to buy them.

There are plenty to choose from in black and white, in a variety of styles, and they will make them, as you like them, in nigger brown and navy.

One little black coat, with revers, a fitting waist and the suggestion of a saucy basque, would turn an ordinary dress into something very fetching.

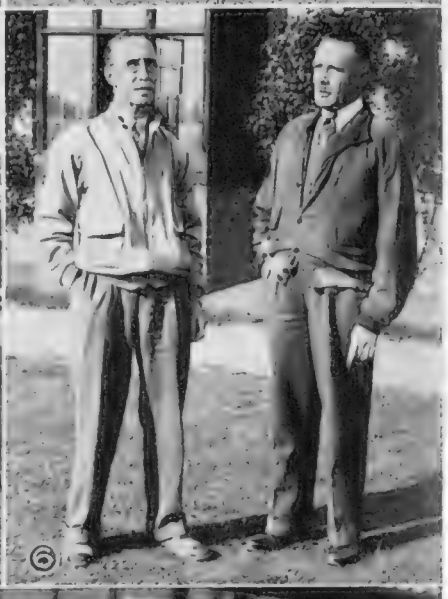
* * *

ALEX LORD, of Leathercraft, Berkeley Street, has designed a new jumper for Cowes.

It is plain, white, high-necked and warm enough to resist any winds from the Solent.

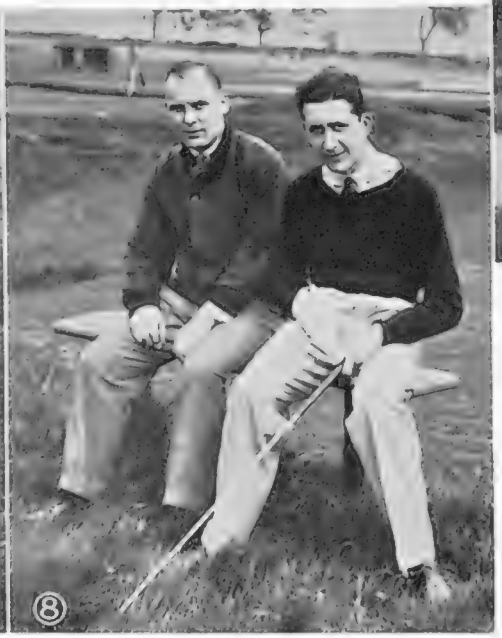
The name of your own yacht, or your host's yacht, or the one you want to win a race, anyway, is embroidered, man-o'-war fashion, in a semi-circle across the front.

She has also made some white corduroy tailored shorts, rather special.



Golf Clubs at Home

A Day at the Fulford (York) Golf Club



(1) T. R. Shaw (Hon. Sec.), A. Harrower (President of the Club), R. H. Willsdon (Captain of the club)). (2) R. P. Hall and G. A. Potter-Kirby. (3) E. J. Pulleyn and A. Hillyard. (4) G. Fenwick, H. Allen and Major H. E. Daubeny. (5) H. L. Ingham and R. C. Joy. (6) J. M. Melville and S. K. Morey. (7) L. Cass and H. N. Coverdale. (8) H. Dodgson and J. Hollywood. (9) A. Oxtoby and C. W. Hoskins

Players of Promise

By F. G. L. Fairlie

I HAD the very great pleasure of playing in the annual foursome match between Woking and Sunningdale last week-end. This, surely, must be one of the most pleasant golfing fixtures of the year, since foursomes are—certainly to me, and, I believe, to many others—the highest form of golf, and one has the opportunity of playing in the same match on two of the greatest inland courses in England.

The teams are of eight a-side, and during the week-end each couple plays a match against every opposing couple: there is a great desire on the part of each foursome to win every match of the week-end or, if that proves to be impossible, at least to escape defeat. The two clubs usually are very strongly represented, and the whole match a desperately close affair. This year it must be admitted that Woking numbered amongst its players the greater names—and, as it turned out, the better players, on this occasion only! It was rather ominous for the Sunningdale representatives that at the end of the first day's play they were a point down, having had the advantage of playing over their own course.

At the end of the morning play on the Sunday, Woking had added another point to their slender lead, so that it was necessary for Sunningdale to score at least three victories in the afternoon and halve the other match if they were to succeed in the whole encounter. This, however, the Sunningdale players were unable to achieve, for two matches went the wrong way somewhat easily, and the third, although very exciting in spite of the golf, also went to Woking on the last green.

W. Norman Boase

A Welsh Champion

Above: Roger Chapman being presented with the Monmouthshire County Golf Championship Cup by Captain John Moxon, O.B.E., at the Pontypool Club. The holder won the Championship in 1931, and has been runner-up on three occasions. He is the son of Sir Sydney Chapman, K.C.B., who is the Chief Economic Adviser to the Government

Left: W. Norman Boase, C.B.E., Chairman of the Championship Committee which selected the British Team for the Walker Cup Golf Match at St. Andrews

THE individual heroes of the match for Woking were undoubtedly J. E. Tomkinson and T. P. Whittaker, who, although they only scored two victories, escaped defeat in their other two matches and therefore had no point scored against them throughout the week-end. Two other couples on the Woking side succumbed on one occasion only, winning their other three matches. These were Robert Harris and Eric Martin Smith, and T. A. Torrance and G. D. Hannay. On the Sunningdale side the only real heroes were N. C. Selway and J. Moir, who won two matches, numbering among their victims Torrance and Hannay, but who were beaten by Harris and Martin Smith in their last match, on Sunday afternoon. These two make a very excellent foursome combination, for Selway is a really very much improved young golfer who shows now more than the makings of a very fine player, provided that he continues to improve and does not lose his refreshing keenness for the game. He is the sort of young man upon whom we may be relying two years hence for our next Walker Cup team, and there seems no valid reason why he should not do really well in golf. Moir is extraordinarily steady, and one of those comparatively rare players who make an almost perfect foursome partner for Selway, or anyone else, in that he is most unlikely to play a destructive shot.

I AM now going to write something which gives me very great pleasure, in view of what I have felt myself compelled to say in the past about the individual concerned. At the time when Eric Martin Smith won his Championship, down at Westward Ho!, I can distinctly remember writing of him that although I fully realised he was the sort of player who might quite easily, with experience, win a Championship, I was more than astonished that he had achieved his ambition so early in his career. I can now say, quite definitely, that I see no reason why Martin Smith should not win another Championship any year from now on. He is really playing most awfully well, not only in the results which he achieves, but also in the manner in which he hits the ball. Martin Smith has practically all the ingredients necessary in the make-up of a Championship winner. He is a very fine striker of the ball, with a beautiful style; he is a very good putter, and more important, perhaps, than anything else, has the right temperament for the big occasion.

I have already stated that in this particular week-end his side was victorious on three occasions out of four. In the fourth his illustrious partner was misbehaving himself with his wooden clubs, but Martin Smith not only continued to hit the ball with complete serenity, but also made some magnificent recoveries. That his efforts were of no avail was not his fault, particularly in view of the somewhat surprising skill shown by his opponents on that lovely afternoon. Eric Martin Smith is another young man who, I think, might very well play himself into our next Walker Cup side, and, while we are about it, I wonder what the betting is against Selway, Martin Smith, L. G. Garnett, R. S. Walker, G. B. Peters and Jack McLean being six of the ten whom we will send to America two years hence? McLean has only to stand still to be an absolute certainty for the team, and the other five have it well within their power to force whoever may be selecting into including them. It is entirely up to them; and I sincerely hope that they will be playing, because they are all young and all of them, with big match experience, might very easily form the nucleus of our first successful Walker Cup side, if not on the next occasion, then when we next entertain.

FINALLY, to leave the amateurs alone for the moment. The news has just come through that Olin Dutra, of Brentwood Heights, has won the American Open Championship. His aggregate of 293 for the seventy-two holes (which was made up of 76, 74, 71 and 72) was just one stroke better than Gene Sarazen's, and two strokes better than the three players who tied for third place, these being R. Cruikshank, W. Cox and H. Cooper. Dutra's victory will no doubt be very popular in America, for he is a most worthy holder of the title and an extremely pleasant person. He seems to make a habit of coming up from behind to win the events in which he is successful, and I think it has been forgotten—it was certainly overlooked at the time—that he very nearly won our British Open last year after a somewhat disastrous start. Dutra is a powerful player and may appear, at first glance, to be rather a coarse golfer; he is anything but that, for anywhere near the green he plays the delicate shots as successfully as any other and more skilfully than most. Dutra has recently been far from well, and I am informed that he was forced to carry medicine around the course with him, so that his victory is even the more creditable. He was the very last man to finish and knew what he had to do, which always adds to the strain. This, for a sick man, is a great effort. No doubt his victory will do much to restore him to good health.

"The Bystander" Book Shelf

Mystery, History and May Fair

By A. G. Macdonell

THE crime-novelist who turns, almost casually, as it were, to the business of short-story writing, always commands my profound admiration. Most of the exponents of this branch of fiction have the greatest difficulty in producing one original idea per book and in inventing and sustaining a single plot. Little short of gods and goddesses, then, are those who turn out a dozen different plots in a single volume. Their prodigality is a lordly gesture. Mrs. Agatha Christie is among this small and superb company. Her new book, *The Listerdale Mystery* (Collins; 7*s.* 6*d.*), contains the round dozen of mystery tales. They vary in merit a good deal—that is only to be expected—and one or two of them are definitely rather dull and trivial. But, at her best, Mrs. Christie is very good indeed. One of these stories, *Philomel Cottage*, is full of a macabre horror that is really thrilling. It is the story of a woman, newly-married, who lights upon some old newspaper-cuttings belonging to her husband and realises that he is a Landru who kills his wives and buries them under the floors of cellars. And he has invited her to the cellar that evening to help him to develop some photographs! There is a situation for you! Not content with having produced so much drama in one small story, Mrs. Christie lavishly throws in a couple of ingenious devices as well. In another of the stories there is a most capital piece of burglary, with a burglarious gang of such virtuosity that no one could fail to admire their methods. Curiously enough, the dullest and most hackneyed story is the first, which has been chosen to give its title to the book. But nevertheless, *The Listerdale Mystery*, if the name of a dull story, is also the name of a most readable collection of tales.

Stuart Hamilton

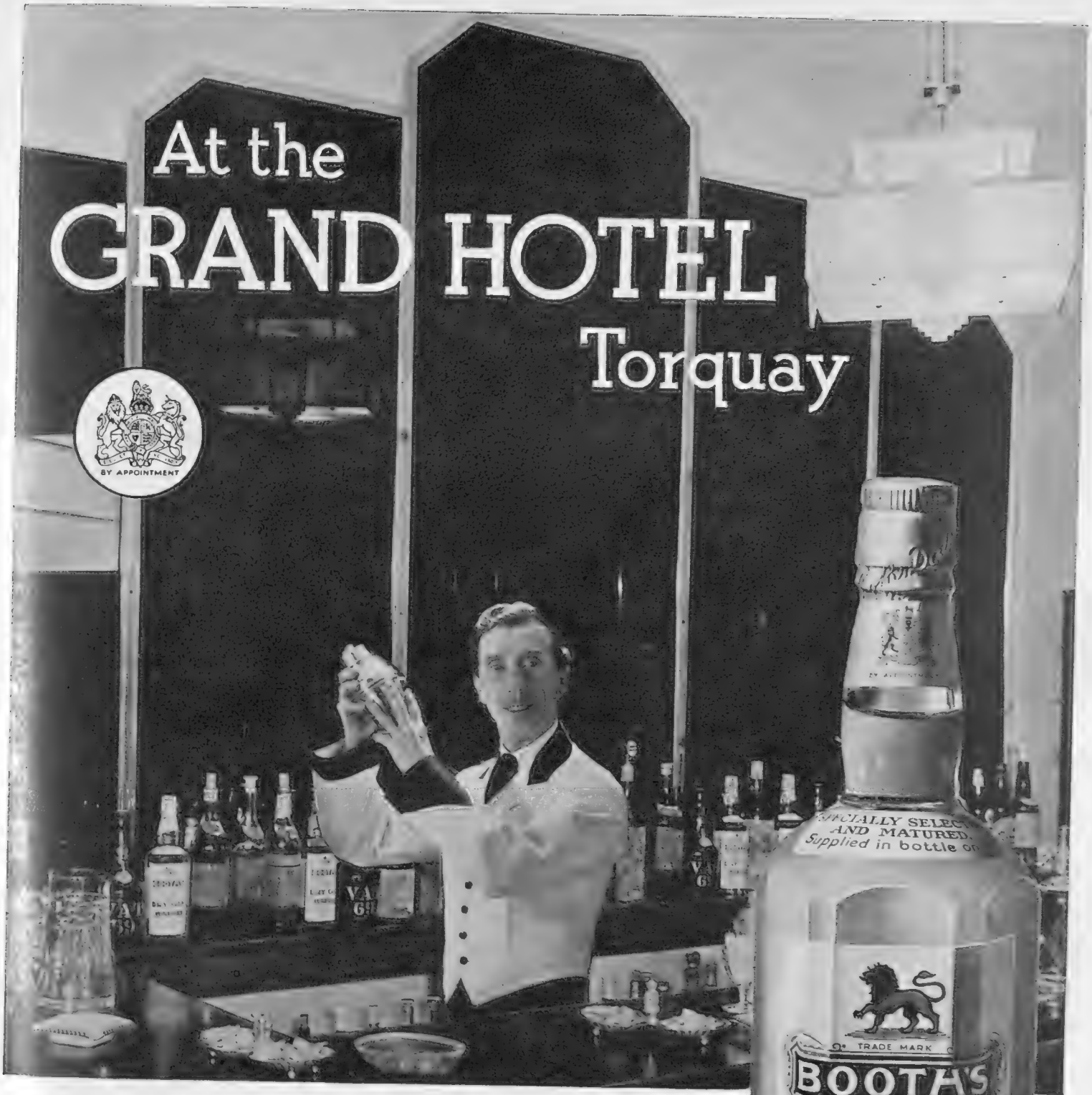
Mary Field

who has collaborated with Percy Harris in a book entitled "Secrets of Nature," published by Faber and Faber. Miss Field was the director of the "Secrets of Nature" film

MISS M. CORYN wrote last year a most interesting study of that great French soldier, Bertrand du Guesclin, in which she showed historical sense, learning, and a power to create character. She has followed it up with *The Acquirer* (Barker; 9*s.*), a picture of William of Normandy, who became the King of England. Miss Coryn is audacious. Du Guesclin was untrodden country. The bastard of Falaise has been written about somewhat. It is not many months since the heavy artillery of Mr. Belloc was registered on this Norman target, and to fire at one of Mr. Belloc's targets is to challenge comparison. And I am afraid the comparison must go against Miss Coryn. She shows all the same qualities which she showed in her du Guesclin, but her style has grown more flamboyant, more Jeffery-Farnolese, than ever. It may be argued either that Lytton Strachey embellished history, or that he wrecked history. There is a case for both views. But there is no case for arguing that such a sentence as this can be history: "Bastard! Bastard! The heavy raindrops beating on his bare head seemed to hammer the word into his brain, the wind about his ears to shriek it to his senses." In a novel of Stanley Weyman that would pass. But not in a book that is meant to be historical. In a sense, I am paying a compliment to Miss Coryn by writing like this. If an ordinary hack had produced *The Acquirer*, I might have praised it languidly. But from the author of *The Black Mastiff*, it is disappointing. Miss Coryn is very certainly not an ordinary hack. She is a lady who will go very far if she studies the real way to write historical books. Mr. Bevan Wyndham Lewis might serve as an example.

MR. MCNAIR WILSON has taken the Napoleonic Saga from an unusual angle in his *Gypsy-Queen of Paris* (Chapman and Hall; 12*s.* 6*d.*). The gypsy was Mme. Tallien, and she is the peg round which his thesis is arranged. She was the daughter of an international banker: she married first a Marquis, then a Revolutionary leader; then became mistress of Ouvrard, the great speculator and war-contractor; and, finally, the wife of Prince Caraman-Chimay. But in Mr. Wilson's book she is only the type of the class which brought Napoleon down. The international banker is his bugbear, his bogey-man. To Mr. Wilson, the whole colossal Napoleonic Saga is simply a struggle between High Finance and the Powers of Light, in which High Finance triumphed. He may be right. I do not know. But I would like to see something more in Maitland's charge at Waterloo than an attempt to raise the price of gilt-edged shares. But perhaps I am just a silly romanticist.

IN an age in which a "park" means an area of cement in an overcrowded city, reserved for unfragrant machines; in which a "hedge" means a manipulation of wagers effected in such a way that the bookie must win; in which a "fence" is a receiver of stolen goods, it is only right and natural that, in literature, the May Fair should be a synonym for sophistication and caddishness. Ever since Mr. Michael Arlen discovered that Mr. Disraeli was as acute a novelist as politician, the May Fair has been a lucrative pasturage. Mr. Michael Harrison is the latest—I will not say "sheep" but, rather, "recruit"—to browse in its hard and polished meadows. *Weep for Lycidas* (Barker; 8*s.* 6*d.*) is a first novel, and it is a beautiful specimen of the art. I stand amazed, admiring, at its learning, lightly carried, at its cool, hard efficiency, at its glittering descriptions of a glittering life. For a first novel it is quite astonishing. But when I have said that, I have finished praising. Frankly, I detested *Weep for Lycidas*. Partly, I think, through irritation that such learning and ease of writing should have gone to the compilation of such a long novel about such howling cads; partly because wit without humour has to be very brilliant to be carried off, and Mr. Harrison is not brilliant. (Incidentally, his publisher does him a disservice in comparing him to the "epigrammatic felicity of Oscar Wilde." There is not one single expression of epigrammatic felicity in this book that can hold a rushlight to any of Oscar's thousand.) And partly because of the wretchedly stupid vulgarity that keeps on breaking through. The great, roaring, magnificent vulgarity of Rabelais and Falstaff would have gone with a bang at the old May Fair. In the new one, it seems to have degenerated into the gigglings and whisperings of the fourth form. Mr. Michael Harrison will one day, perhaps, become an important novelist. But, for Heaven's sake, let him escape into the open air!



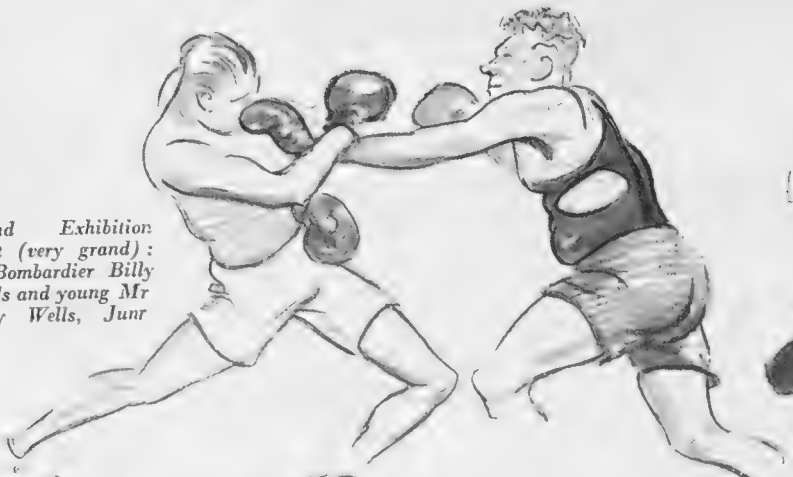
Real Cocktails begin with

Lucky people make the Grand Hotel their luxurious home in the summer—and very lucky ones stay on through the winter. The inactive are made so comfortable. The active find so much to entertain them. And the cocktails are so superb—made soothing or exhilarating, exactly to your taste, by the ever-popular William. He has had years of experience in London and knows how real cocktails begin. He uses Booth's, the only matured Dry Gin.

BOOTH'S The Only Matured DRY GIN

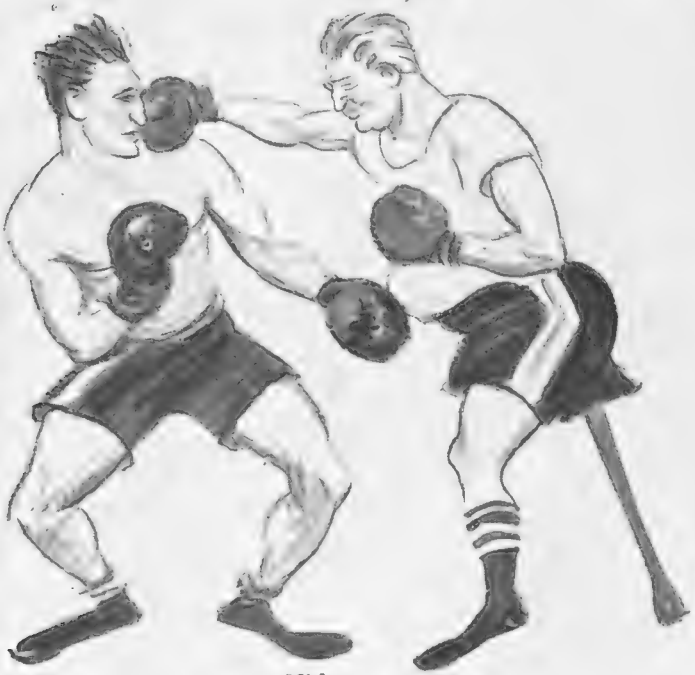
Willing

Brightening Brighton: the Boxing Tournament at the Dome



Grand Exhibition Bout (very grand): Ex-Bombardier Billy Wells and young Mr Billy Wells, Junr

"Tubby" Edlin and Sir Noel Curtis-Bennett present for auction six bottles of George IV. ale at the nominal sum of two guineas a time



Comic stuff by Major Mickey Leahy, who lost a leg at Mons, and Don McCorkindale. They both won with the greatest ease

Left: Sir Harry Preston shining his dome under the Dome

Old favourites acting as referees. Top: Johnny Summers; Below: Alf Mancini

Right: Programme arranged by the Blonde and the Brunette: Ted Broadribb and Jeff Dickson

H. H. Harris's impressions of some of the attractions organised by Sir Harry Preston in aid of the Royal Sussex Hospital

The Swimming Pool, with the Beach Hotel in the background.

The SUMMER SPORTING opens on July 14th, with gambling on the Terrace in the open air—an entirely new idea.

MONTE CARLO BEACH

Rehearsing for the International Horse Show at Olympia

Above: juvenile members of the V.W.H. (Earl Bathurst's) and the Cotswold Hunts, who give an exhibition in the jumping display at the International Horse Show. Left to right, they are Beryl Parry, Diana Holman, Peggie Campbell, Betty Allgood, Ted Barrett, Peter Curtis, June Stevens, Ralph Curtis, Rosemary Edwards, Gwen Baron

Sport with the Lid Off

By "Mark Over"

So the first Test Match is over, and all the dismal prophets who predicted a first-class cricket rumpus have gone out of business. The tussle was dour enough, to be sure, but through it all there was the right spirit of good will and good sportsmanship. I can see no reason, either, why the remaining matches between England and Australia should not go along the same pleasant lines.

Indeed, those of our journalists who thrive on sensation look to be in for a very thin time. As it is, they got absolutely nothing out of the Australians at Trent Bridge: refusing to be trapped into making any statement that could have been used by the sensation-mongers, the good fellows from "Down Under" just "lay low and said nuffin'."

Larwood would seem to be the only peg on which the sensationalists may hang their tawdry washing. If the Notts fast bowler does not play in the second Test at Lord's, on June 22nd, I can visualise certain people splashing about with the red-paint brush. But even here they may be thwarted; for I gathered, while at Trent Bridge, that only a recurrence of his foot trouble can keep Larwood out of the next England team. Our Selectors have seen the folly of only one fast bowler. Poor Kenneth Farnes was terribly overworked at Nottingham—but he was the only man who looked like skittling the Australians; so we shall probably see Larwood in the Lord's Test, for England to have something like a match-winning attack.

Our Australian friends certainly do not relish fast bowling. Truth is, they have had no real experience of it in their inter-State games since the days when Gregory and Macdonald were hurling down their thunderbolts. England's trouble, on the other hand, seems to be the "Grimmett complex"! Here is this forty-one-year-old Australian, who had, by the way, very real difficulty in getting into the present Test tour, tumbling out the cream of English batsmen.

Yet, on a plumb wicket, Grimmett shouldn't be so terrible to the quick-footed fellow who isn't afraid to step out and crack the heart out of the little Australian. "You would have expected a boy on the sands to give a catch like that," was the comment of an old England player at Nottingham when a certain batsman, who shall be nameless, stood footfast to send up a "dolly" off Grimmett. . . . Oh, for one hour of Gilbert Jessop!

JUST one more reference to the Tests, and then on to other things. Congratulations to Arthur Gordon Chipperfield, who seems to be stealing some of Don Bradman's thunder. A great lad this Chipperfield, breezing in from the back blocks, as it were, to make a niche for himself in cricket history. The Australian Selectors took a gamble with Chipperfield; in fact, they were so hazy about him that they didn't even know his initials! It's a fact. We first knew him as "E. A." Chipperfield. Poor chap! He was rightly put out about it and asked me, among others, to put things straight with the score-card printers on our county grounds.

AND now to football, which is not so much out of season, despite these perspiring times. Italy has gone slightly hysterical over its success in the "World 'Soccer' Championship," whatever that may mean. Our Football Association rightly kept outside this tournament—already this summer we have seen weary British teams beaten on the Continent; but we shall be meeting the Italians in this country next winter, when we are likely to prove that we still cannot be left out of the world's "Soccer" argument.

Meanwhile, the F.A. seems to be quietly going to work to counter the foreign football challenge. For instance, the appointment

Below: Gottfried von Cramm, the German champion, ranked No. 8 in the World's First Ten, and André Merlin, whom he defeated in the final of the French Championship

A German Champion and His French Opponent

of Mr. S. F. Rous, the referee of last season's Cup Final, as successor to Sir Frederick Wall in the F.A. secretaryship, is not without significance. Mr. Rous has wide experience of Continental games, for he has refereed many matches abroad; and if I know my man he will bring fresh ideas to bear on the question of team tactics when we next meet some of the European "Soccer" nations which have given us tumbles.

Some of our leading clubs are also alive to the progress of "Soccer" on the Continent. There is Fulham, the Second Division side, passing over 400 applications, to go to Austria to find a new team-manager. Fulham have brought Mr. James Hogan back to this country to give them the benefit of his experience. A wonderful man is Jimmy Hogan; at the age of fifty-two he dons shorts and sweater and turns out to give his men personal coaching. Why, only a few days ago, he popped in a few shots to test the mettle of a new goalkeeper he secured for Fulham.

This opens up new avenues. Imagine the genial and far from slim George Allison, now manager of Arsenal F.C., at a salary which would make a king's ransom, flitting down the wing with the laudable purpose of testing the tackling powers of a likely half-back!

IT is very good news for amateur football that the Corinthians are going in for the F.A. Cup next season. I know that last year's decision not to compete, because the Football Association declined to grant them exemption beyond the first round, caused much heart-burning in the inner circles of the famous club. The argument that a fully representative side could not be got together, say, in November or December, was sound enough, but I do not think there would have been any real difficulty in fielding a pretty good eleven.

Last season, there was a distinct danger of Corinth being altogether forgotten. That would be a very sad fate for an organisation so steeped in tradition. Most of the club's troubles, however, should be solved by the new working arrangement with the Casuals. The two have decided to forget past differences; and the sequel should be that next season the Corinthians will have their full strength available for the Cup Ties.

LORD ZETLAND'S adroit prophesy that "1934 will prove an 'Eastern' Derby" was right. Yet I do not remember any celebration of the famous classic that has produced such fierce after-the-race argument since that tragic pre-war year when Craganour, a hot favourite, was disqualified and the great prize was awarded to a 100-to-1 chance.

The day after Windsor Lad got his nose in front of the winning-post, I met a very famous racing man, who has himself known the thrill of leading in a Derby winner. Colombo, he thought, was a most unlucky loser. "If Lord Glanely [Colombo's owner] and the Maharaja of Rajpipla [the lucky owner of Windsor Lad] could be persuaded to let the horses meet in a match, I would bet £10,000 on Colombo," he told me. He meant that.

Well, £10,000 is a heap of money, and I am sure Windsor Lad's owner believes his horse would land the bet for him if ever the match were made. But, unfortunately, perhaps, for the racing public, there will be no match. The Maharaja's Turf advisers are well aware that the Derby winner's market value now is well over £50,000. Defeat in a match with Colombo would knock more than £10,000 off the horse's value and it would be folly to take the risk. The Colombo-ites, it seems, must possess their souls in patience and wait until September 12th, when, all going well in the meantime, the beaten Derby favourite and Windsor Lad will meet again in the St. Leger.

I REFERRED last week to the strain put upon modern athletes and how liable they are to break down. In this connection I am glad to hear that F. J. Perry's foot, which he injured in Paris, is now on the road to recovery. It was not known at the time that three bones in his ankle had been displaced, and had this been common knowledge, I feel sure that "Mr. Peeps," in a recent issue of the BYSTANDER, would not have animadverted on the courage of lawn tennis players. Even to walk under such a disability must have been extraordinarily painful, and Fred Perry, at all events, shows that he possesses pluck.

Polo at Ranelagh

Lord Cowdray, Sir Ian Walker, W. W. Whitbread and J. S. Morrison, the Norton Bavant team, which beat the Ragtails by 7½ to 5

The Free Foresters Eleven Beaten by Uppingham by Six Wickets

A group of the players showing the school team and the visiting side. The Free Foresters are, back row: R. H. Williamson, J. G. Fawcus, K. Raynor, A. C. MacIntyre, W. A. Lupton and I. C. Henry. Centre row: P. W. Kemp-Welch, R. H. Fox, in boater, E. H. Tattersall, G. O. Allen and I. Akers-Douglas. The school Captain, T. G. L. Ballance, sits between R. H. Fox and E. H. Tattersall

Below: H. W. Austin played in a doubles match for the International Club against his old University recently. He is seen above on the right with Jack Bains, and his wife, whose stage name is Phyllis Konstam

"Bunny" Austin Re-visits Cambridge

The "Bystander" Ladies' Scottish Foursomes

(11th Year)

The Early Stages at North Berwick

By Eleanor E. Helme

Left: Miss Oliver Kay (Otago, New Zealand), Miss Bessie Gaisford (Marton, New Zealand), Miss Jean McCulloch, and Miss Mary Pearcy (West Kilbride), four competitors who took part in the "Bystander" Ladies' Scottish Foursomes at North Berwick

Competitors in the "Bystander" Ladies' Scottish Foursomes

Above: Miss Enid Wilson (Notts) seen with her partner, Mrs. Hugh Percy (Alnmouth)

Below: Lady Allan Hay and Mrs. Pirie (Douglas Park)

DEAR BYSTANDER,

I DON'T know if you are expecting me to tell you something about how Miss Sherlock won the Irish championship, or Aberdovey, the Welsh team one; why Surrey, not Essex, have qualified for county finals, or how Yorkshire seem to be successfully started on the same long road. I simply refuse. I defy anyone to spend two glorious sunny days at North Berwick and not want to write about that place, and nowhere else, leaving out of the question altogether the fact that the BYSTANDER Scottish Foursomes are having the great privilege of going there for the first time in the eleven years of their existence.

For myself, sitting beside the first tee, examining handicap certificates and giving out odds cards, I can tell you very emphatically delightful surroundings make a big difference, and the beauty of the sea is almost enough compensation for not being able to get out and watch what is happening on the far-away holes.

Not only have we come to a distinguished course, and received the kindest of welcomes and the warmest of hospitality, we have also a distinguished entry. Beginning Overseas, there is one couple who share the rather unenviable distinction of backmarkers, Miss Oliver Kay, who holds the Australian and New Zealand championships, and Miss Bessie Gaisford, who was runner-up to her in the latter. I may add, I am writing this after the first round only has been played. So far this pair are going very strong, for they have given two strokes and a 5 and 3 beating to that triple Scottish champion, Miss Jean McCulloch, and Miss Mary Pearcy. Miss Gaisford's putting was absolutely inspired, and that was how it happened, after Miss McCulloch's side had seemed to have something the better of it at the beginning.

MISS KATHLEEN MCEWAN, from Riversdale, Victoria, Australia, was not so lucky, for she and Miss Hitchman, of Dunbar, struck Miss Robertson-Durham and Miss Sophie Millar in one of their really dangerous moods, out in 38 and so on, and with only two strokes, Miss McEwan's side lost by 5 and 4. The two Misses Scott, from Commonwealth, Melbourne, had a desperate time before winning on the last green from Mrs. Herd and Miss A. I. Scott on level terms, and Mrs. A. G. Stevenson, from Durban Country Club, gave eight strokes and won by 4 and 3, she being partnered by her sister, Mrs. E. R. S. Turnbull, from Douglas Park. It would be very exciting to see the cups not only leave Scotland, but Europe. Stranger things might well happen.

Of course, there may well be a win in store for some long-handicap pair. They are so many, and when the ground is hard baked they certainly have their chance, if they can take it. But, from sheer weight of numbers, I cannot mention them all; the only plan seems to be to tell you something of how the lowest handicap pairs have fared to-day. The New Zealanders you know about. Miss Enid Wilson and Mrs. Hugh Percy must come next. They had a really busy time giving eleven strokes to Mrs. Collingwood and Miss Darling—who are grandmother and grand-daughter, though to look at Mrs. Collingwood you can hardly believe it. Still, the fact remains, and accordingly it did them vast credit to take Miss Wilson's side to the 15th. Then Mrs. Walter Greenlees and Miss Rhona Rabbidge are an interesting new pairing, like Miss Wilson and Mrs. Percy on a joint handicap of one. Miss Rabbidge was driving at the evens, which meant, of course, that the majority of short holes fell to her share; she did that part of the business extremely well and the result was a 4 and 3 win, although they were giving seven shots to Miss Nan Robb and Dr. Morton.

THE third couple on one handicap were Miss M. J. Couper, reigning Scottish champion, and Mrs. George Coats. They were giving five strokes, began with a grisly excursion into the famous sandy trouble at the 1st, and still got out in 40 and had finished the match by the time they had struck the ball twenty more times, at the 16th hole.

Mrs. J. B. Watson and Mrs. Wallace Williamson, with two between them, won a hole earlier, giving 5 to Miss Haldane and Miss M. W. Robertson-Durham. I feel that anyone who can win two BYSTANDER spoons in three months, playing from plus one, as Mrs. Watson has done, is capable of anything—even of giving eleven strokes, which is what her side, as well as Miss Couper's, will be doing in their next round

OUR Girl Champion, Miss Jessie Anderson, and her elder sister have come through to-day; so have any number of other sister pairs, such as various Robertson-Durham combinations, Miss Grant-Suttie and Mrs. Johnstone; Mrs. van Marle and Mrs. Simpson; and the two Misses Grahame, twin nieces of Lord Blythswood, who won a most thrilling match at the 19th hole from Miss Birrell and Miss Mitchell, who had won the 18th from them in 3. Then there are the mother-and-daughter pairs, Mrs. and Miss Walter Neilson, Mrs. and Miss Mungo Park, Mrs. Thomas and her daughter, Mrs. Peel, who does great deeds for Surrey. And so forth and so on. Mrs. M. L. Clarke, the Hampshire champion, playing with Mrs. Peploe, must not be forgotten, nor that tried and trusty pair Lady Eddis, the Suffolk champion, and Miss Irene Skinner. It might be any of these who win. And there are others. The only previous winners left in—the holders, Mrs. Newton and Miss Firth, are busy playing for Lancashire this week—are Miss Purvis-Russell-Montgomery and Miss Susan Walker. They went extremely well to-day. I simply refuse to attempt prophecy.

Yours ever, ELEANOR E. HELME.

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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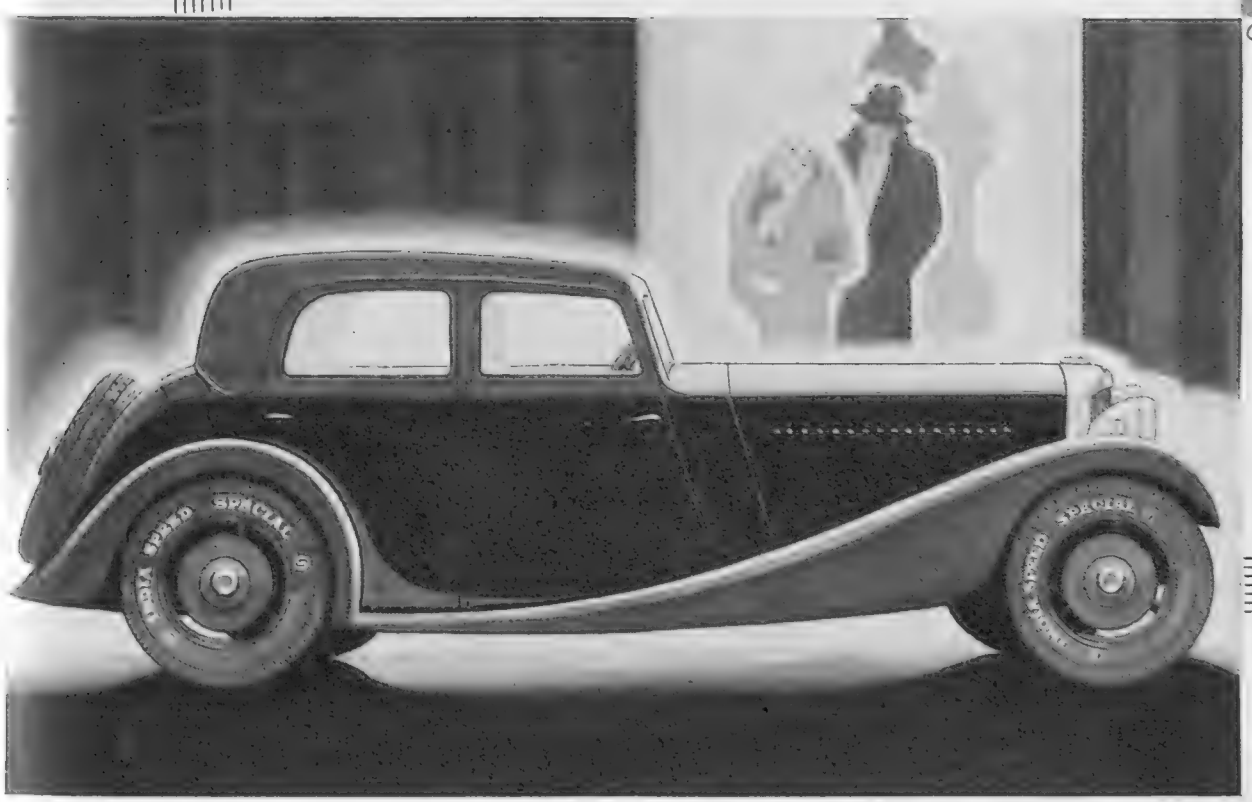

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Flying at Hendon, Heston, and Hatfield : By Charles Ward

The R.A.F. Display at Hendon

UNITS of the Royal Air Force stationed at home will give their fifteenth annual Display at Hendon on Saturday, June 30th. Each year there is some improvement in the performance of aircraft, enabling more intricate or spectacular manœuvres to be carried out, and each year it becomes more difficult to describe an event which is unique in the world of flying, either in this country or any other. The stage is enormous, as it needs to be for drill at 200 miles an hour. Those taking part number 3000, with more than 200 aircraft of every type used in the service. There is ample accommodation at Hendon for a quarter of a million spectators—indeed, this is the number for which the Display Committee caters. It is early to get a forecast of weather, but the R.A.F. is usually lucky. There have been only two wet Display days in fourteen years, and even those were worth while, for they gave our pilots an opportunity of showing that Service flying is definitely all-weather. Book early for Hendon, for there is quite an advantage in getting a good pew. Reserved seats in the stands can be bought for 2s. 6d. and 3s., and all proceeds, of course, are devoted to R.A.F. charities.

Air Vice-Marshal Borton, of Napiers, talking to Mr. F. G. Miles, designer of the "Hawk," which is a cheap two-seater built at Reading. Mrs. Miles, on the right, is a daughter of Sir Johnston and Lady Forbes-Robertson

New Types for Old

SO rapid is the process of design and invention, that a new aeroplane is obsolete almost as soon as it is in production. This may seem a sweeping statement, yet one has only to study the performance of the new types which are exhibited and flown from the experimental park each year to realise that there is nothing so dead as last year's aeroplane in the eyes of the pilot who handles the latest model. This is as it should be, for without constant effort, the British aircraft industry would not have attained its world leadership in military types.

Personalities

CONGRATULATIONS to Lord Wakefield, well-named the Patron of British aviation, on his elevation to a Viscountcy, and to Captain de Havilland, father of the Moth and the Dragon, on his C.B.E., and the British Gold Medal for Aeronautics. Also to Lord Londonderry on his skilful forced landing, which resulted in no worse damage to himself than a cut lip; and to Captain Lamplugh on his promotion to the rank of President. Also to Miss Glenda Graham, of *Popular Flying*, and Captain Hugh Spooner, air superintendent, Egyptian Airlines, on their marriage. Before anyone has time to write to me, pointing out an error in last week's paragraph, "The 'Comet'—A Mystery Moth," let me confess I did not read the proof. Prior

(*Continued on page ii*)

Switzerland *for* **inexpensive holidays**

PRICES in Switzerland have been lowered all round to meet present-day needs and means. The cost of a Swiss holiday need not be any higher than it was with the exchange at par. Not only are the Hotel rates most moderate, but from the **15th June** until the **15th October,** the Swiss Railways and the Swiss Post Office (Motor Coach Services) will grant a further

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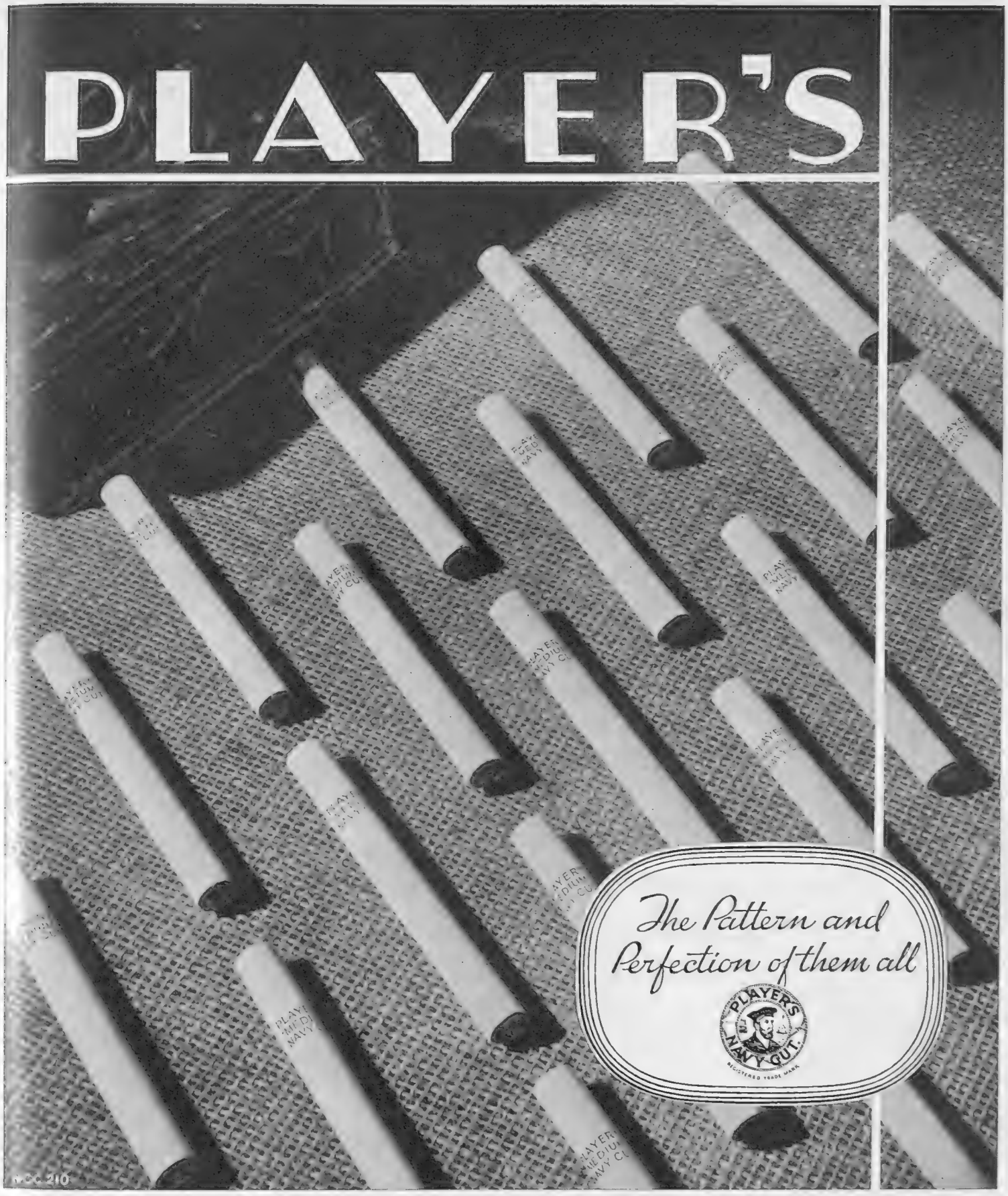
Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon rising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the action of both the water and lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from any chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition, even in so short a time. Mark the better appetite you have and the improved digestion. Note the new strength and energy you feel. It 's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean.

Just ask your chemist for Kutnow's Powder. Four ounces is enough to make a conclusive test.



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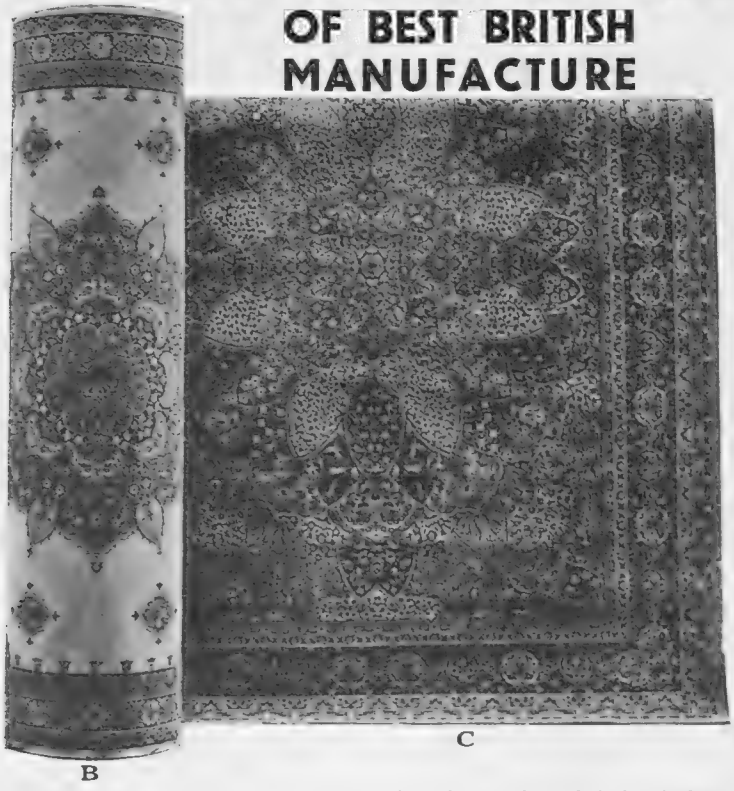

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The Carpets illustrated are representative of a number of choice designs and colourings which Hamptons are offering for clearance at greatly reduced prices during this Sale. As will be seen from the great reductions specified, many unusual bargains are obtainable in these finely woven hard-wearing Carpets, and an early selection is therefore advised.

Illustration B is typical of a number in Superfine Quality and is available in all the undermentioned sizes with the exception of that marked with an asterisk.

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10	6	×	9	0	£15 10 6	£10 19 6
12	0	×	9	0	£17 14 6	£12 10 6
12	0	×	10	6	£20 13 6	£14 12 6
13	6	×	10	6	£23 5 6	£16 10 6
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Illustration C is available in the following popular sizes.

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10	6	×	9	0	£11 1 0	£8 5 6
12	0	×	9	0	£12 12 0	£9 7 6
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10	2	×	7	0	Cream	Green	£7 14 6	£5 18 0
10	7	×	9	2	Blue	Gold	£10 10 0	£7 19 6
11	2	×	9	5	Cream	Green	£11 8 0	£8 14 6
12	0	×	10	3	Cream	Blue	£13 6 6	£10 3 6
12	10	×	10	3	Cream	Blue	£14 5 6	£10 17 6
14	0	×	10	2	Green	Cream	£15 5 0	£11 13 6
15	0	×	10	6	Cream	Blue	£17 2 0	£13 1 6
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Flying at Hendon, Heston, and Hatfield

(Continued from page 558)

to the "Comet," the original Tiger Moth, the D.H.53 and the D.H.77 were other *low wing* monoplanes of de Havilland design. The Hawk, Puss and Leopard Moths are the best-known monoplanes of the family with high wings.

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Miss Paddy Naismith, who flew over for the Reading Aero Club's "At-Home," posed with Dick Bentley, who has Shell in the bag

With the Clubs at Home

The Lancashire Club, which flies at Woodford, is at-home on Saturday next, June 23rd, for its annual display. It is always a good party, well attended by everyone who can get away in time. On the same day, Henlys, distributors for Avro products, have organised a Rally at Heston, the feature of special interest this year being the "Commodore," a five-seater saloon with a 500-mile range, that cruises comfortably at 110 miles an hour. Either of the two seats in front can be used for piloting, the control column being arranged so that the wheel can be moved over in flight from one seat to the next. As in the Dragon and several other modern aircraft, smoking is permitted. An interesting and valuable experiment is being conducted at the present time by the Bombay Flying Club, four of whose machines are on a formation flight to England, with the idea of giving pupils some practice in long-distance cross-country work. The idea is one which might be adopted over here more widely. So far, the Heston-Continental cruises and one or two private tours organised by Mr. Lindsay Everard are the sole examples of such adventures. In consequence of complaints by the Italian Government that civil pilots occasionally infringe the regulations governing the use of cameras in aircraft flying over Italy, the Air Ministry have asked the A.A. to draw attention to this point when issuing maps to its members. Unpleasant consequences may follow if the warning is not heeded, for action may be taken against pilots who fail to observe the regulations.

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Can Speed Limits Ever Be Practical?

By The Earl of Cardigan

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Sylvan surroundings. A fair motorist stops by the wayside, and leaves her Hillman "Minx," to pick some blossom

WHEN I first began to take an interest in motoring, one of the vexed questions of the day was the utility or otherwise of the legal speed limit, then being strictly enforced on the old 20-m.p.h. basis. To-day, things are slightly different. Cars are subject to no general limit, although heavy vehicles are still supposed to conform to certain "regulation" paces.

In the near future, it looks as if cars are once again to be subjected to speed limitation, at all events in "built-up" areas. In other words, the old, old question is coming to the fore again.

Let us admit at once that the proposed new speed limit will operate on a very much more sensible basis than ever before. It will only, I understand, be in force on those roads which are lit by street-lamps; and it will be allowed to lapse during certain hours of the night when traffic may be expected to be at a minimum. None the less, we are once again faced with the question: "Can a safe driving speed ever be laid down officially in terms of so many m.p.h.?"

PERSONALLY, I have always felt strongly that it is futile to attempt to draw a hard-and-fast line between "safe" and "unsafe" speeds. It is so easy to imagine circumstances, even in built-up areas, which might render a speed of 35 m.p.h. perfectly justifiable. Similarly, in other circumstances, one can imagine 25 m.p.h. being highly dangerous and reprehensible.

In this connection, I cannot help thinking of a stretch of road which I have reason to know very well indeed. It is on the fringe of a built-up area, and I use it whenever I take a car out of London for a road test. I always drive along it at what, to the best of my belief, is a safe speed—but how that speed varies according to the different conditions which I encounter there!

AT the risk of labouring the point, let me set out a sort of schedule, showing the wide range over which I think it proper to vary my speed on this particular stretch of road. It goes something like this:

(*Continued on page* vi)

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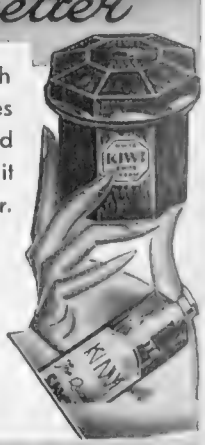

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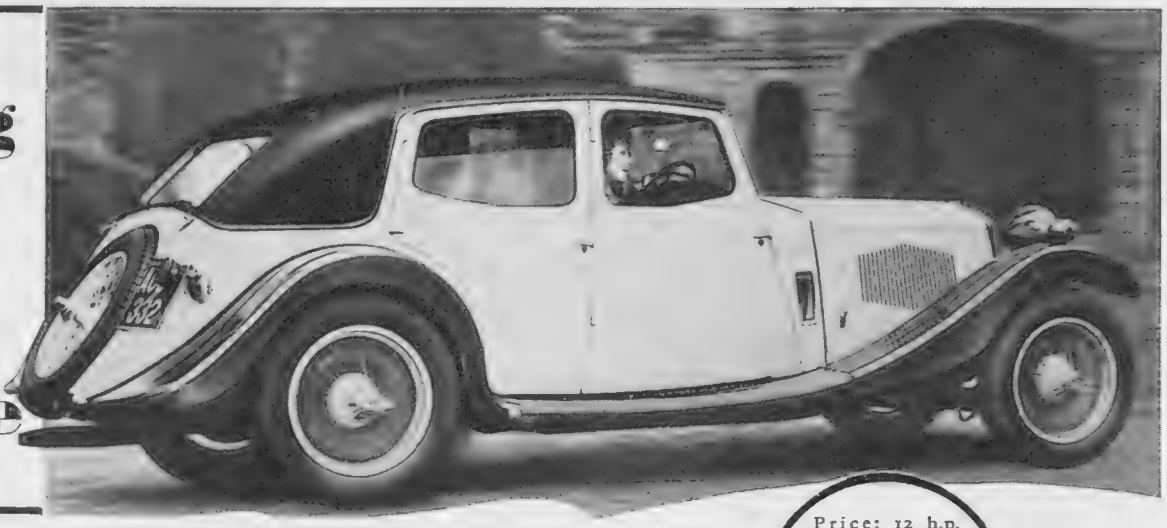

THE hill that was always a bit of a trouble to you seems flattened out. The winding road seems strangely straighter. Surely the traffic in the town seems thinner than it used to be. Anyhow, you used to do the Manor House in 70 minutes and now you occasionally get there under the hour and you haven't had a "near squeak" since . . . since . . . why, of course, since you had this new Kestrel. So there's really something in this high average business. You get there quicker and yet you feel safer. It's a combination of Riley engineering, aeroline design, preselectagear, and—well, one learns a good deal from winning all these big races and trials and things. Have you incidentally seen the Kestrel *from the inside?*

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Can Speed Limits Ever Be Practical?

(Continued from page iv)

A fine day; not very much traffic; only a few sober-looking pedestrians. My speed—40 m.p.h.

A fine day, but busy traffic; pedestrians hurrying to catch buses. My speed—35 m.p.h.

A wet day; same conditions. My speed—30 m.p.h.

A fine day, but scores of children just released from school. My speed—25 m.p.h.

A wet day; children, dogs, and erratic pedestrians. My speed—20 m.p.h.

Now, on the basis of this schedule, one of two things is certain. Either my whole system of driving is an idiotic one, or else there is something fundamentally wrong with the notion of a fixed speed limit.

Naturally enough, I myself take the latter view. I believe that the degree of prudence (or imprudence) which I exercise in driving over this stretch of road is more or less a constant factor. Is the Government, then, justified in telling me that on some days I drive 10 m.p.h. too fast, whereas on other days I drive quite unnecessarily slowly?

Incidentally, my schedule has dealt only with a few of the many factors which may reasonably influence a driver's speed. The responsiveness or otherwise of the car, the alertness or tiredness of the driver himself, the visibility, the state of the road surface—all these considerations, and many others, should rightly be taken into account in determining what is safe and what is unsafe.

It is easy, of course, to criticise destructively. If a fixed speed limit is unsatisfactory, one may well ask by what means reckless driving may be checked. Personally, I should like to see greater, and more intelligent, activity on the part of the mobile police force. I should like to see the letter of the law regarded more tolerantly, and the spirit of the law enforced much more strictly.

I RECENTLY saw a very glaring example of the spirit of the law being flouted, although, admittedly, there was no breach of any specific regulation. It happened at a cross-roads where traffic lights were in operation. The criminal (for so I regard him) came on the scene, driving fairly fast, at a moment when the red light was against him. He was about to slow down, when suddenly the light changed to amber.

On seeing the amber light, he at once accelerated to the highest possible speed, charging down on a crossing over which a few slow vehicles still straggled. I will say this for him—he judged it marvellously well. At the precise instant that the green light flashed, he was over the crossing and away at a good 30 m.p.h.

It was skilled driving, but—— There are a dozen "buts" which come to mind, and any one of them, had it eventuated, would have sufficed to cause a first-rate crash.

The worst aspect of the incident, to my mind, was that there was a policeman standing on the kerb. He took no action. It did not occur to him that any action was called for. True enough, the letter of the law had been most faithfully observed.

A crime, none the less, was committed—a crime against common sense. To malpractices of this sort, speed limitation must seem a pitifully weak and inappropriate response.

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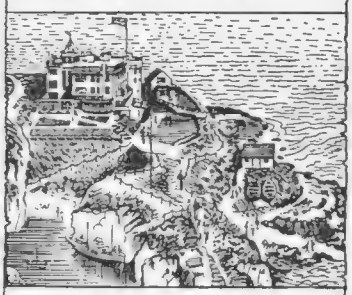

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THE THEATRE

Plays

CHRISTOPHER BEAN, THE LATE.—Cedric Hardwicke and Edith Evans continue to act inimitably in the play about the lost masterpiece of a dead artist: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CLIVE OF INDIA.—Leslie Banks excellent as Clive, the man of adventure; Gillian Lind equally good as his wife, in a historical drama of action and power: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW.—Elmer Rice's breathlessly energetic play, with Hugh Miller excellent as the Counsellor, Elspeth Duxbury as his secretary, and a cast that keeps going at top pace: Piccadilly, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE COUNTRY WIFE.—Wycherley's amusing indecencies and nimbly-phrased innuendoes are revived twice daily: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

ESCAPE ME NEVER!—Elisabeth Bergner, victim of Sanger egotism in Margaret Kennedy's slender comedy, imbues her part with all the vitality, variety and inimitable gaiety and pathos of her personality and art: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LIBEL!—A legal play that's as tense as most crook stuff, with Nigel Playfair and Leon M. Lion, as the K.C.s, Malcolm Keen and Frances Doble: Playhouse, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.40.

LIVING DANGEROUSLY.—First-class entertainment, including a good trial scene with the Medical Council; Godfrey Tearle as the doctor-hero, Martin Walker as the villain, Carol Goodner as the wife: Strand, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

MEETING AT NIGHT.—By Margery Sharp, with Roger Livesey as a young airman, Leonora Corbett as a Society beauty, Dame May Whitty, Helen Haye and George Curzon: Globe, 8.30.

THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME.—Marie Tempest has the perfect part as the mother whose subtle philosophy works out better than the reckless foolishness or vice of her daughters, in H. M. Harwood's brilliant comedy: Queen's, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

PRECIPICE.—Anton Dolin as a neurotic ballet-dancer, torn between his hypnotising impresario (Francis Sullivan) and his loving admirer (Isobel Elsom); Brigitta also dances: Savoy, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

QUEEN OF SCOTS.—Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies is charmingly wayward, but without fire, as Mary, Laurence Olivier too good-looking for the rough Bothwell, Glen Byam-Shaw a petulant Darnley; this is history interestingly painted on a drawing-room canvas: New, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

REUNION IN VIENNA.—Perfect polish, wit, and charm, and the authentic Viennese glamour in Robert Sherwood's play as acted by Lynn Fontanne, Alfred Lunt, Cecil Parker, and Clive Currie: Lyric, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30. Last week.

SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL.—Stratford-on-Avon. Nightly at 8, matinées, Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SIXTEEN.—A play as delightfully acted as written, about a girl (Antoinette Cellier) who resents the marriage of her mother (Fabia Drake) to a second husband (Owen Nares); Muriel Aked and Helen Haye are in the cast: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

TOUCH WOOD.—Ian Hunter as the middle-aged husband, Dorothy Hyson as the girl who gives him a glimpse of renewed youth, Marie Ney as the unselfish wife, in C. L. Anthony's comedy: Haymarket, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—A charming and light-hearted story of student life in Edinburgh, with Robert Harris and Celia Johnson playing sweethearts, and occasionally in a minor key: St. Martin's, 8.30. Mon., Tues., Fri., 2.30.

With Music

CONVERSATION PIECE.—Yvonne Printemps witty, mocking, always delightful, as the heroine of Noel Coward's Regency play; Pierre Fresnay takes the part of the elderly Duke; perfect décor and dresses: His Majesty's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HAPPY WEEK-END.—A musical farce, with nice tunes, and comedy-bubbles blown by the two Hungarians, Magda Kun and Steve Geray, and Louise Browne leading the English team: Duke of York's, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

MR. WHITTINGTON.—Musical comedy, with Jack Buchanan as its gay mainstay, and Elsie Randolph, Alfred Drayton, and Fred Emney as its further supports: Hippodrome, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

PICCOLI.—Podrecca's famous marionettes: Scala, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

SPORTING LOVE.—A new all-laughing success, with Stanley Lupino as king laughter-maker, Laddie Cliff as his dancing clown-chamberlain, and Vera Bryer, Jennie Dean and Marjorie Brown as the girls: Gaiety, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?—Nelson Keys, Florence Desmond, and the Diamond Brothers are the high-lights of this star-ish revue: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

HELLO, AGAIN!—Ralph Lynn returns to London in an American success, as a Middle-West lecturer, Mary Glynne as his admirer: Shaftesbury, 8.30.

KING OF THE DAMNED.—Melodrama in a penal settlement, with Gyles Isham as the convict, Percy Parsons as the Commandant, Marjorie Mars as his daughter: Lyceum, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LABURNUM GROVE.—Edmond Gwenn as the family-man who may or may not be a crook, and Mary Jerrold as his wife, in J. B. Priestley's entertaining mystery-comedy: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE PRIVATE ROAD.—John Tilley gloriously funny as an amorous ex-schoolmaster, Edwin Styles neatly humorous as his rival, Dorothy Dickson as the attractive rose between two thorns: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS.—A comedy of "bundling" in Declaration-of-Independence America, delightfully acted by the successful New York cast, with Peggy Conklin and Tonio Selwart as heroine and hero: Vaudeville, 8.30. Tues., Wed., 2.30.

TEN-MINUTE ALIBI.—A dream inspired the murderer, and putting the clock back nearly saved his skin; Bernard Lee has now taken Robert Douglas's part: Phœnix, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

VINTAGE WINE.—Seymour Hicks carries the play by being his inimitable self as the gay grandfather who marries a young wife (Claire Luce); Julia Neilson excellent as his mother: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

First Nights

THE LITTLE MAN.—Galsworthy's play is preceded by Bernard Shaw's duologue, *Village Wooing*: Little, to-night.

CLEO CALLING!—A comedy by William Trear, with Oscar Asche, Harold Warrender, Abraham Sofaer, Marcelle Rogez: Aldwych, June 20th.

BALLET

BALLETS RUSSES DE MONTE CARLO.—All last year's favourites, with four new ballets as well, danced by Riabouchinska, Danilova, Baronova, Massine, Woizikovsky, and the rest; the L.P.O. plays, conducted to-night by Sir Thomas Beecham, then by Kurtz and Dorati: Covent Garden, to-night, 8.45. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CINEMAS

BLACK MAGIC.—A picture of the natives of Bali—their life, customs, superstitions—with a love-story interwoven: Polytechnic.

EVER GREEN.—Jessie Matthews has her own part in the film version of C. B. Cochran's revue, with Sonnie Hale playing opposite: New Gallery.

HI, NELLIE!—Paul Muni as "heart-throbs" Editor of a newspaper who makes a big scoop and gets his girl (Glenda Farrell) by unravelling a racket; thrills, comedy, and good acting: Regal.

HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD.—George Arliss in his finest part. This is Hollywood's answer to *The Private Life of Henry VIII.*: Tivoli.

LIEBES KOMMANDO.—A Viennese comedy, with Dolly Haas as the girl who served in an Austrian regiment, and Gustav Froeblich as the man she falls in love with: Academy.

MAN OF ARAN.—Robert Flaherty's epic of the Western Islands of Ireland, with a cast of islanders: Marble Arch Pavilion.

MURDER AT THE VANITIES.—A musical-comedy thriller, with a murder, excellent comedy and lots of girls and music woven into the well-fitting plot; Victor Maclaglen, Carl Brisson, Jack Oakie, Kitty Carlisle: Carlton.

ROMAN SCANDALS.—Eddie Cantor's new riot of nonsense, aided by Ruth Etting, Gloria Stuart, and lots of girls: Leicester Square Theatre.

THIRTY-DAY PRINCESS.—The stars of this romance are Sylvia Sidney and Cary Grant: Plaza.

THIS SIDE OF HEAVEN.—Lionel Barrymore's latest, with Una Merkel and Mary Carlisle; also *Lazy River*: Empire.

TWO HEARTS IN WALTZ-TIME.—With Carl Brisson and Frances Day. And *Wings Over Everest*: Curzon.

WHEN NEW YORK SLEEPS.—Helen Twelvetrees and Spencer Tracey are the stars. The second film in the programme is *Happy Family*: Capitol.

MUSIC

Choral

HIAWATHA.—The Royal Choral Society and full symphony orchestra, conducted by Albert Coates, in T. C. Fairbairn's dramatised version of Coleridge-Taylor's great work: Albert Hall, to June 23rd.

Recitals

CONCHITA SUPERVIA: Recital of Spanish music: Wigmore Hall, to-night, 8.30.

EVERARD DE PEYER.—Song recital: Aeolian Hall, to-night, 8.30.

SARAH FISCHER.—Song recital: Wigmore Hall, June 20th, 8.30.

MARY MUNN.—Piano recital: Grotrian Hall, June 21st, 8.30.

DINO BORGIOLI.—The Florentine tenor, and Kathryn Schraft, soprano: Wigmore Hall, June 25th, 8.30.

(*Continued on page* D)

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What's On

(Continued from page B)

DANCING AND DINING

Restaurants

BLUE TRAIN.—Evening dress in the restaurant, any dress in the grill; Billy Gerhardi's band plays for both.

CAFÉ ANGLAIS.—E. Lepore, the international tenor, sings in cabaret: Louis Simmonds and his band play.

CAFÉ DE LA PAIX.—Dare Lea's band plays, and there's always a good cabaret. Special nights, Wednesday and Friday. One can dance in day clothes on Sundays.

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—Sophie Tucker makes new "fans" every night; Howard Jacobs and his band make dance music: extension night, Wednesday.

CHATHAM GRILL.—Good food and good wine, with no music, for lunch, dinner or supper: extension, Tuesday.

DORCHESTER HOTEL.—The Paradise Club Girls dance, with Sunny O'Dea and Marguerite and Leroy, as stars; Jack Jackson's band plays. One can dine outside on the terrace.

GAY ADVENTURE.—Esher.—A place to dine and dance outside London; the swimming-pool is now open.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—The new Grosvenor Gaieties dance and sing at dinner and supper; Moscheto's and Syd Lipton's bands: extension night, Thursday.

MONSEIGNEUR.—Lucienne Boyer is now singing here. Jack Harris and Lew Stone play for dancing: extension night, Thursday.

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SPORT

CRICKET.—England v. Australia, Second Test Match: Lords, June 22nd, 23rd, 25th, 26th.

LAWN TENNIS.—Queen's Club: June 18th—23rd.

The Championships: Wimbledon, from June 25th.

GOLF.—Open Championship: Royal St. George's, Sandwich, from June 25th.

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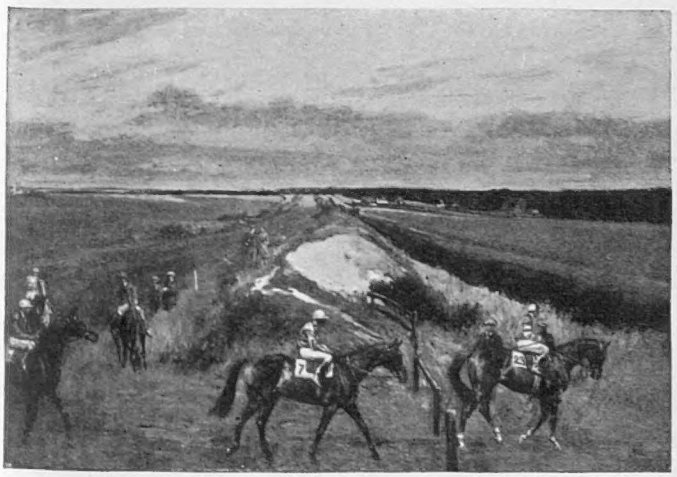

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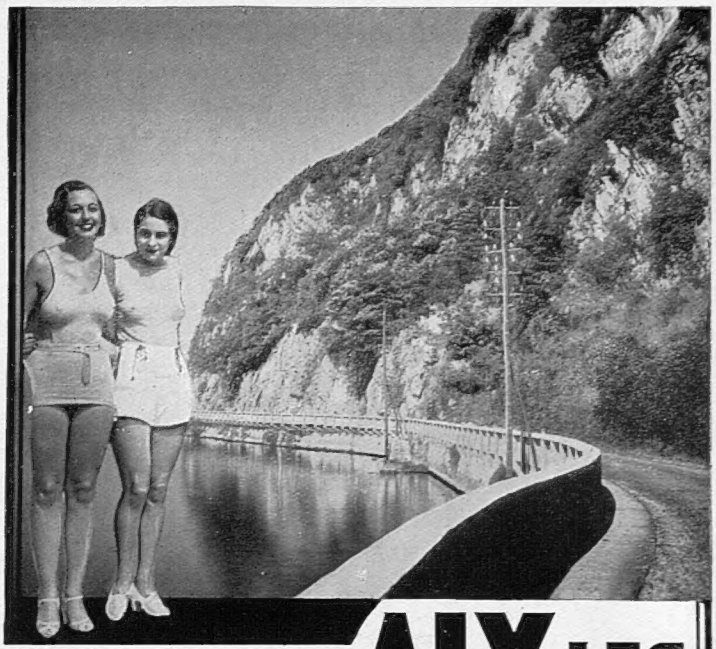

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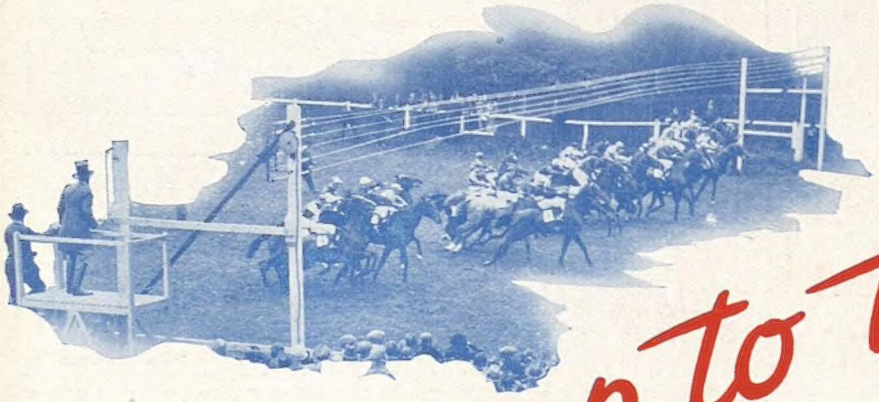

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